# NORTHERN MESSENGER

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATU

VOLUME XXVIII., No 26 MONTREAL & NEW YORK, DECEMBER 22, 1893. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.



Lillie Pozer 537 1893

THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON

TOBOGGANING ON CHRISTMAS MORNING.

## THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

A true, sturdy little Canadian, not only not afraid of the cold and snow, but delighted to see it. Why do you talk so much about winter and have so many snow pictures, some one asks? Why? Because we have so much winter and so much snow. This is Canada, you know. But you make people think that Canada is somewhere around the North Pole and that we are frozen up all the year round. Do we! Well, just invite a few of those people up to visit us during the next two months and they will want a course of freezing too. Snow to a Canadian boy or girl is just what makes winter worth having. How they pity the poor things who never have shot down the mountain on a toboggan and do not know a snow-shoe from a tennis racket. A Christmas without snow is only half a Christmas.

'The boy that likes spring or summer or fall
Better than old King Winter
Is a sort of a bass-wood splinter—
Soft stuff; in fact, he's no boy at all.

'Away from the stove, and look out there!
Did ever you see a picture so fair?
King Winter, from mountain to plain
Not a beggar in all his train.
The poky old pump,
The ugliest stump:
One is in ermine from chips to chin,
The other—no lamb can begin
To look so warm and soft and full,
Though up to its eyes in wrinkles of wool.
See old Dame Post with her night-cap on,
Madam Bush in her shawl with the white nap on!
Crabbed old Bachelor Hedge—
Where, now, is his prickly edge?
And scraggy old Gran'sir Tree,
Shabby as shabby could be,
How he spreads himself in his uniform,
Lording it over the cold and the storm!

'Summer? Oh, yes, I know she will dress
Her dainty dear-dears in loveliness;
But Winter—The great and small,
Angelic and ugly, all
He tailors so fine, you would think each one
The grandest personage under the sun.

'Who is afraid he'll be bit to death
By a monster that bites with nothing but breath?
There's more real manhood, thirty to three,
In the little chicks of a chickadee:
Never were merrier creatures than they
When summer is hundreds of miles away.
Your stay-in-doors, bass-wood splinter
Knows not the first thing about winter.
A fig for your summer boys.
They're no whit better than toys.
Give me the chap that will off to town
When the wind is driving the chimney down,
When the bare trees bend and roar
Like breakers on the shore
Into the snow-drifts, plunged to his knees,—
Yes, in clear up to his ears, if you please,
Ruddy and ready, plucky and strong,
Pulling his little duck legs along:
The road is full, but he's bound to go through it.
He has business on hand, and is round to do it.
As yonder you see him, breaking paths for the sleighs,
So he'll be on the lead to the end of his days:
One of Winter's own boys, a hero is he,
No bass-wood there, but good hard hickory!'

A Merry, Merry Christmas, boys and girls, old and young, the *Messenger* wishes you all, and may each winter that passes serve equally to increase your bodily strength and your mental and moral worth.

## JESUS CHRIST.

You can love Him, bless Him, praise Him, study Him, ponder Him, comprehend His character, study the types that set Him forth, and imitate His life; and, in this way, though your worship will not blaze forth among the sons of men, and scarcely benefit them as some other forms of work, yet it will both benefit you and be acceptable to your Lord. Beloved, remember what you have heard of Christ, and what He has done for you; make your heart the golden cup to hold the rich recollections of His past loving-kindness; make it a pot of manna to preserve the heavenly bread whereon saints have fed in days gone by. Let your memory treasure up everything about Christ which you have either heard, or felt, or known, and then let your fond affections hold Him fast evermore. Love Him! Pour out that alabaster box of your heart, and let all the precious ointment of your affection come streaming on His feet. If you cannot do it with joy, do it sorrowfully; wash His feet with tears, wipe them with the hairs of your head; but do love Him, love the blessed Son of God, your ever tender Friend.—*Alliance News.*

## SANTA CLAUS' PRAYER.

BY MARGUERITE MERINGTON.

The children dreamed the whole night through
Of stockings hung the hearth beside;
And, bound to make each dream come true,
Went Santa Claus at Christmas-tide.

Black stockings, red, brown, white, and gray—
Long, little, warm, or patched and thin—
The kindly Saint found on his way,
And, smiling, popped his presents in.

But as he felt his hoard grow light,
A tear-drop glistened in his eye:
'More children on this earth to-night,
Than stars are twinkling in the sky.'

Upon the white and frozen snow
He knelt his empty bag beside—
'Some little socks must empty go,
Alas!'—said he—'this Christmas-tide!

'Though their stockings may not heap
With gifts and toys and Christmas cheer,
These little ones from sorrow keep;
For each, dear Lord, to Thee is dear!

Thou wert a little Child like them'—
Prayed he—'For whom I would provide
Long years ago in Bethlehem,
That first and blessed Christmas-tide!

'As soothed Thee then Thy mother's kiss,
And all her comfort, sweet and kind,
So give them love, lest they may miss
The gifts I know not where to find!

'That sweetest gift, dear Lord, bestow
On all the children far and wide;
And give them hearts as pure as snow'
Prayed Santa Claus—'at Christmas-tide!'

## SCHOLARS' NOTES.

*(From Westminster Question Book.)*

LESSON XIV.—DECEMBER 31, 1893.

REVIEW.

STUDIES IN THE EPISTLES.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all.'—Rev. 22:21.

HOME READINGS.

M. Rom. 1:8-17; 3:19-26.—Lessons I., II.
T. Rom. 5:1-11; 12:1-15.—Lessons III., IV.
W. 1 Cor. 8:1-13; 15:12-26.—Lessons V., VI.
Th. 2 Cor. 8:1-12; Eph. 4:20-32.—Lessons VII., VIII.
F. Col. 3:12-25; James 1:16-27.—Lessons IX., X.
S. 1 Pet. 1:1-12; Rev. 1:9-21.—Lessons XI., XII.
S. Rev. 22:1-21; Matt. 2:1-12.—Lessons XIII., 1, 2.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

Superintendent.—For what did Paul declare his readiness?

School.—As much as in me is, I am ready to preach the gospel to you that are at Rome also.

Supt.—What is revealed in the gospel?

School.—Therein is revealed a righteousness of God by faith unto faith; as it is written, 'The righteous shall live by faith.'

Supt.—Can we be justified by the law?

School.—By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified.

Supt.—How then may we be justified?

School.—Freely by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus.

Supt.—How has God shown his great love for us?

School.—God commendeth his love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us.

Supt.—Of what may we therefore be assured?

School.—If, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life.

Supt.—What does Paul exhort Christians to do?

School.—I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.

Supt.—What warning is given to those who by their example lead others astray?

School.—When ye sin so against the brethren, and wound their weak conscience, ye sin against Christ.

Supt.—What pledge of abstinence did Paul make?

School.—If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth.

Supt.—What follows if there be no resurrection of the dead?

School.—If the dead rise not, then is not Christ raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins.

Supt.—What great truth does Paul declare?

School.—But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept.

Supt.—What was Paul's counsel to the Corinthians concerning liberality?

School.—As ye abound in everything, in faith, and utterance, and knowledge, and in all diligence, and in your love to us, see that ye abound in this grace also.

Supt.—How are we to govern our words?

School.—Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth, but that which is good to the use of edifying, that it may minister grace unto the hearers.

Supt.—What command is given to children?

School.—Children, obey your parents in all things; for this is well-pleasing unto the Lord.

Supt.—What command is given to parents?

School.—Fathers, provoke not your children to anger, lest they be discouraged.

Supt.—What rule of conduct is given for all?

School.—Whatsoever ye do, in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him.

Supt.—How should we receive God's word?

School.—Receive with meekness the engrafted word, which is able to save your souls.

Supt.—How should we use the word?

School.—Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves.

Supt.—How does Paul describe the Heavenly Inheritance?

School.—An inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you who are kept by the power of God unto salvation ready to be revealed in the last time.

Supt.—What did the Saviour declare of himself to John?

School.—I am the first and the last: I am he that liveth, and was dead; and behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell of and death.

Supt.—What is the Great Invitation?

School.—The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.

Supt.—What is the last benediction?

School.—The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all.

FIRST QUARTER.

OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY.

LESSON 1.—JANUARY 7, 1894.

THE FIRST ADAM.—Gen. 1:26-31; 2:1-3.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 26-28.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'So God created man in his own image.'—Gen. 1:27.

HOME READINGS.

M. Gen. 1:1-31.—The Creation.
T. Gen. 2:1-25.—The Sabbath and Paradise.
W. John 1:1-18.—The Word of God.
Th. Heb. 1:1-14.—Christ's Pre-eminence.
F. Psalm 8:1-9.—What is Man?
S. Rev. 21:1-17.—New Heaven and a New Earth.
S. Rev. 22:1-21.—The New Paradise.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Image of God. vs. 26, 27.
II. The Blessing of God. vs. 28-31.
III. The Sabbath of God. ch. 2:1-3.

TIME.—B.C. 4004.

PLACE.—The Garden of Eden, generally supposed to have been somewhere in the district through which the Euphrates flows.

OPENING WORDS.

We begin with this lesson the study of Genesis. Its name means origin or birth. From this first chapter we learn that the world has not always existed; that it was created by God. The creation took place in six 'days' or creative periods. The work of the first day was light; of the second the firmament; of the third, dry land and vegetables; of the fourth, the sun, moon and stars; of the fifth, fishes and birds; of the sixth, land-animals and man. On the seventh day God rested from his work.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

26. *God said*—willed, decreed. *Let us make*—implying counsel, agreement, and suggesting the doctrine of the Trinity. *In our image*—consisting in knowledge, righteousness, and true holiness Col. 3:10; Eph. 4:24. 27. *Created he them*—only one pair was created, and from that pair all mankind are descended. 29. *Meat*—food. There is no mention of animal food for man until after the Flood. Gen. 9:3. 31. *Very good*—no imperfection, no sin; everything beautiful. Chap. 2:1. *All the host of them*—all they contained. 2. *Rested*—ceased from the work of creation. 3. *Sanctified it*—set it apart from other days, as holy. We have here the institution of the weekly Sabbath.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Who wrote the book of Genesis? Why is it so named? With what does it begin? What is the work of creation? Name the work of each day. Title? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE IMAGE OF GOD. vs. 26, 27.—On what day was man created? Repeat v. 26. How does this differ from the language introducing God's previous works? How did God create man? Of what was man's body formed? Gen. 2:7. How did he receive a soul?

II. THE BLESSING OF GOD. vs. 28-31.—What was God's blessing upon mankind? Where did he place man? Gen. 2:8. What work did he give him? What was given him for food? When was flesh allowed for food? What food was provided for the lower animals? How did the work of creation seem to God?

III. THE SABBATH OF GOD. ch. 2:1-3.—What did God do on the seventh day? What special honor did he give the seventh? Meaning of *blessed*? Of *sanctified*? Which is the fourth commandment? What is required in the fourth commandment? How is the Sabbath to be sanctified? What is forbidden in the fourth commandment? What are the reasons annexed to the fourth commandment?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. God is perfect in power, wisdom and goodness.

2. God made all things of nothing, by the word of his power, in the space of six days, and all very good.

3. God made man after his own image, in knowledge, righteousness and holiness.

4. We should love, serve and obey God.

5. We should remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. How did God create man? Ans. In the image of God created he him; male and female created he them.

2. What did he give him? Ans. Dominion over the creatures.

3. What was given him for food? Ans. Fruit and vegetables.

4. What did God do on the seventh day? Ans. He rested from all his work which he had made.

5. How did he honor the seventh day? Ans. God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it.

LOU SALUTES THE PANTHER.

## LOU'S CLARIONET.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

It was a Christmas eve service in the Second Westcock church.

The church at Second Westcock was quaint and old-fashioned, like the village over which it presided. Its shingles were gray with the beating of many winters; its little square tower was surmounted by four spindling posts, like the legs of a table turned heavenward; its staring windows were adorned with curtains of yellow cotton; its uneven and desolate churchyard, strown with graves and snow-drifts, occupied a bleak hillside looking out across the bay to the lonely height of Shepody Mountain.

Down the long slope below the church straggled the village, half-lost in the snow, and whistled over by the winds of the Bay of Fundy.

Second Westcock was an outlying corner of the rector's extensive parish, and a Christmas eve service there was an event almost unparalleled. To give Second Westcock this service, the rector had forsaken his prosperous congregation at Westcock, Sackville and Dorchester, driving some eight or ten miles through the snows and solitude of the deep Dorchester woods.

And because the choir at Second Westcock was not remarkable even for willingness, much less for strength or skill, he had brought with him his fifteen-year-old niece, Lou Allison, to swell the Christmas praises with the notes of her clarionet.

The little church was lighted with oil lamps ranged along the white wall between the windows. The poor, bare chancel—a red-cloth covered kitchen table in a semi-circle of paintless railing—was flanked by two towering pulpits of white pine. On either side the narrow, carpetless aisle were rows of unpainted benches.

On the left were gathered solemnly the men of the congregation, each looking straight ahead. On the right were the women, whispering and scanning each others' bonnets, till the appearance of the rector from the little vestry-room by the door should bring silence and reverent attention.

In front of the women's row stood the melodeon, and the two benches behind it were occupied by the choir, the male members of which sat blushingly self-conscious, proud of their office, but deeply abashed at the necessity of sitting among the women.

There was no attempt at Christmas decoration, for Second Westcock had never been awakened to the delicious excitements of the church greening.

At last the rector appeared in his voluminous white surplice. He moved slowly up the aisle, and mounted the winding steps of the right-hand pulpit, and as he did so his five-year-old son, forsaking his place by Lou's side, marched forward and seated himself resolutely on the pulpit steps. He did not feel quite at home in Second Westcock church.

The sweet old carol, 'While shepherds watched their flocks by night,' rose rather doubtfully from the little choir, who looked and listened askance at the glittering clarionet into which Lou was now blowing softly. Lou was afraid to make herself distinctly heard at first, lest she should startle the singers; but in the second verse the pure vibrant notes came out with confidence, and then for two lines the song was little more than a duet between Lou and the rector's vigorous baritone. In the third verse, however, it all came right. The choir felt and responded to the strong support and thrilling stimulus of the instrument, and at length ceased to dread their own voices. The naked little church was glorified with the sweep of triumphal song pulsating through it.

Never before had such music been heard there. Men, women and children sang from their very souls, and when the hymn was ended the whole congregation stood for some seconds as in a dream, with quivering throats, till the rector's calm voice, repeating the opening words of the liturgy, brought back their self-control in some measure.

Thereafter every hymn and chant and carol was like an inspiration, and Lou's eyes sparkled with exaltation.

When the service was over the people gathered round the stove by the door, praising Lou's clarionet and petting little Ted, who had by this time come down from the pulpit steps. One old lady gave the child two or three brown sugar-biscuits which she had brought in her pocket, and a pair of red mittens which she had knitted for him as a Christmas present.

Turning to Lou, the old lady said: 'I never heerd nothing like that trumpet of yourn, miss. I felt like it jest drawed down the angels from heaven to sing with us to-night. Ther voices was all swimming in a smoke, like, right up in the hollow of the ceiling.'

'Taint a trumpet!' interrupted Teddy, shyly. 'It's a clar'onet. I got a trumpet at home!'

'To be sure!' replied the old lady, indulgently. 'But, miss, as I was a-saying that music of yourn would jest soften the hardest heart as ever was.'

The rector had just come from the vestry-room, well wrapped up in his furs, and was shaking hands and wishing every one a Merry Christmas while the sexton brought the horse to the door. He overheard the old lady's last remark, as she was bundling Teddy up in a huge woollen muffler.

'It certainly did,' said he, 'make the singing go magnificently to-night, didn't it, Mrs. Tait? But I wonder, now, what sort of an effect it would produce on a hard-hearted bear, if such a creature should come out at us while we are going through Dorchester woods?'

This mild pleasantry was very delicately adapted to the rector's audience, and the group about the stove smiled with a reverent air befitting the place they were in; but the old lady exclaimed in haste

'My, land sakes, parson, a bear'd be jest scared to death!'

'I wonder if it *would* frighten a bear!' thought Lou to herself, as they were getting snugly bundled into the warm, deep 'pung,' as the low box-sleigh with movable seats is called.

Soon the crest of the hill was passed, and the four-postor on the top of Second Westcock Church sank out of sight. For a mile or more the road led through half-cleared pasture lands, where the black stumps stuck up so strangely through the drifts that Teddy discovered bears on every hand. He was not at all alarmed, however, for he was sure his father was a match for a thousand bears.

By and by the road entered the curious inverted dark of Dorchester woods, where all the light seemed to come from the white snow under the trees rather than from the dark sky above them. At this stage of the journey Teddy retired under the buffalo-robes, and went to sleep in the bottom of the pung.

The horse jogged slowly along the somewhat heavy road. The bells jingled drowsily amid the soft, pushing whisper of the runners. Lou and the rector talked in quiet voices, attuned to the solemn hush of the great forest.

'What's that?'

Lou shivered up closer to the rector as she spoke, and glanced nervously into the dark woods whence a sound had come. The rector did not answer at once, but instinctively seized the whip, and tightened the reins as a signal to Old Jerry to move on faster.

The horse needed no signal, but awoke into an eager trot which would have become a gallop had the rector permitted.

Again came the sound, this time a little nearer, and still apparently just abreast of the pung, but deep in the woods. It was a bitter, long, wailing cry, blended with a harshly grating undertone, like the rasping of a saw.

'What is it?' again asked Lou, her teeth chattering.

The rector let Old Jerry out into a gallop as he answered, 'I'm afraid it's a panther—what they call around here an 'Indian Devil.' But I don't think there is any real danger. It is a ferocious beast, but will probably give us a wide berth.'

'Why won't it attack *us*?' asked Lou.

'Oh, it prefers solitary victims,' replied the rector. 'It is ordinarily a cautious beast, and does not understand the combination of man and horse and vehicle. Only on rare occasions has it been known to attack people driving, and this one will probably keep well out of our sight. However, it's just as well to get beyond its neighborhood as quickly as possible. Steady, Jerry, old boy! Steady—don't use yourself up too fast!'

The rector kept the horse well in hand; but in a short time it was plain that the panther was not avoiding the party. The cries came nearer and nearer, and Lou's breath came quicker and quicker, and the rector's teeth began to set themselves grimly, while his brows gathered in anxious thought.

If it should come to a struggle, what was there in the sleigh, he was wondering, that could serve as a weapon? Nothing, absolutely nothing but his heavy pocket-knife.

'A poor weapon,' thought he, ruefully; 'with which to fight a panther.' But he felt in his pocket with one hand, and opened the knife, and slipped it under the edge of the cushion beside him.

At this instant he caught sight of the panther, bounding along through the low underbrush, keeping parallel with the road, and not forty yards away.

'There it is!' came in a terrified whisper from Lou's lips; and just then Teddy lifted his head from under the robes. Frightened at the speed, and at the set look on his father's face, he began to cry. The panther heard him, and turned at once toward the sleigh.

Old Jerry stretched himself out in a burst of speed, while the rector grasped his poor knife fiercely; and the panther came with a long leap right into the road, not ten paces behind the flying sleigh.

Teddy stared in amazement, then cowered down in fresh terror as there came an ear-splitting screech, wild and high and long, from Lou's clarionet. Lou had turned, and over the back of the seat was blowing this peal of desperate defiance in the brute's very face. The astonished animal shrank back in his tracks, and sprang again into the underbrush.

Lou turned to the rector with a flushed face of triumph; and the rector exclaimed in a husky voice, 'Thank God!' But Teddy, between his sobs, complained, 'What did you do that for, Lou?'

Lou jumped to the conclusion that her victory was complete and final; but the rector kept Jerry at his top speed, and scrutinized the underwood apprehensively.

The panther appeared again in four or five minutes, retugging to the road, and leaping along some forty or fifty feet behind the sleigh. His pace was a very curious disjointed one, all rubbery spring, which rapidly closed upon the fugitives.

Then round swung Lou's long instrument again, and at its piercing cry the animal again sprang back. This time, however, he kept to the road, and the moment Lou paused for breath he resumed the chase.

'Save your breath, child,' exclaimed the rector, as Lou again put the slender tube to her lips. 'Save your breath, and let him have it ferociously when he begins to get too near.'

The animal came within twenty or thirty feet again, and then Lou greeted him with an ear-splitting blast, and he fell back. Again and again the tactics were repeated. Lou tried a thrilling cadenza; it was too much for the brute's nerves. He could not comprehend a girl with such a penetrating voice, and he could not screw up his courage to a closer investigation of the marvel.

At last the animal seemed to resolve on a change of procedure. Plunging into the woods he made an effort to get ahead of the sleigh. Old Jerry was showing signs of exhaustion, but the rector roused him to an extra spurt—and there, just ahead, was the opening of Fillmore's settlement.

'Blow, Lou, blow!' shouted the rector; and as the panther made a dash to intercept the sleigh, it found itself in too close proximity to the strange-voiced phenomenon in the pung, and sprang backward with an angry snarl.

As Lou's breath failed from her dry lips, the sleigh dashed out into the open. A dog bayed angrily from the nearest farm-house, and the panther stopped short on the edge of the wood. The rector drove into the farm-yard, and Old Jerry stopped, shivering as if he would fall between the shafts.

After the story had been told, and Jerry had been stabled and rubbed down, the rector resumed his journey with a fresh horse, having no fear that the panther would venture across the cleared lands. Three of the settlers started out forthwith, and following the tracks in the new snow, succeeded in shooting the wild beast after a chase of two or three hours.

The adventure supplied the country-side all that winter with a theme for conversation, and about Lou's clarionet there gathered a halo of romance that drew rousing congregations to the parish church, where its music was to be heard every alternate Sunday evening.—*Youth's Companion.*

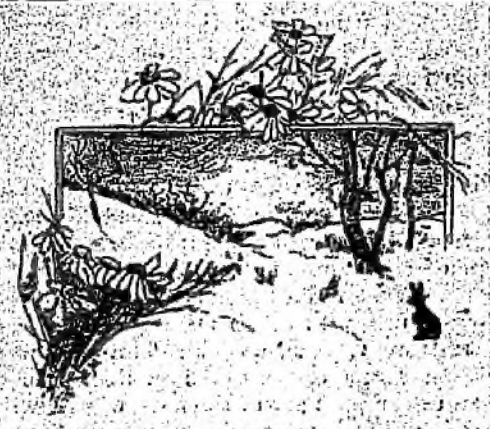
## MAKE NO DELAY.

If you've anything to say,
True and needed, yea or nay,
Say it!

If you've anything to give
That another's soul may live,
Give it!

If you've any call to make
Where you could some comfort take,
Make it!

If you've anything to cheer
That has been long overdue,
Cheer it!



## GRANNY'S CHRISTMAS.

Do you wonder, my grave-eyed darling,
As you clamber upon my knee,
What Granny's dreams are made of,
What Christmas brings to me?
Do you wonder why she is happy,
Why, with her wrinkled brow,
Granny can smile, my darling,
As gladly as you do now?

Granny is old, my darling,
And she looks at the empty chairs,
But she hears your little footsteps
Upon the old oak stairs;
And she thinks of the dear ones darling,
Who were here in the days agone,
And the feet, like yours, that pattered,
And the eyes, like yours, that shone.

And the Christmas bells are pealing
Over the winter snow,
Bringing the same sweet message
They brought me years ago,
Of Him who was born to show us
That our love is not in vain;
And that all who trust Him, darling
May meet in heaven again.

F. E. WEATHERLY.

## CHRISTMAS IN NAPLES.

The most interesting and curious sight of the holiday season in Naples is the Præsepia. A Præsepium is a life-size representation of the Nativity, or Christ in the manger at Bethlehem. The one in the church called Santa Maria in Porto is the finest in the city, and occupies nearly half one side of the church. In this representation there are several houses, or rather arches, with doors at which people are standing. The manger is always placed near the centre of the scene. The Virgin is generally robed in blue satin, with crimson scarf and white head-dress. Joseph is never very conspicuous, though he stands behind the Virgin attired in a handsome working-dress of the period.

The Holy Christ-child—*il Santo Bambino*—lies in a rich cradle, with linen covering.

The Magi, borne by their black slaves, are very prominent in their grand clothes, jewelled turbans and satin tunics covered with jewellery, representing handsome royalties in the prime of life and strength. One of them is always black in complexion, and the others a rich brown, much darker than the average Italian. They all kneel reverently to do homage and make their costly offerings.

More attendants, and sometimes horses and mules, are behind in the distance, with raiment and various accessories of wealth and position; also any number of bright, picturesque peasants carrying presents of vegetables, fruit, sheep of all ages, and even dogs.

All these figures are life-size, and of brown-painted wood, extremely well carved, full of expression, feeling and action. There are foot-paths, trees and flowers in all directions, making the scene wonderfully realistic. A goodly number of flying angels, suspended by invisible wires, are hovering above the holy group.

Last year in the Præsepium of Santa Maria in Porto there were thirty-six figures, two of which represented the artist and his wife, the latter as a shepherdess surrounded by large woolly sheep.

She was quite handsome, and wore a modern Roman 'festa' costume.

The Magi was carefully studied from pictures, and were dressed in the Oriental costume of the unchanging East.

These Præsepia are most characteristic in the churches frequented chiefly by the poor, who save their little hoards of chestnuts, apples, tomatoes, etc., to put into the hands of their beloved 'Santa Maria e Santo Bambino' as offerings. The poor people revel in it all, and mothers are seen holding up their little ragged and dirty children to show them these wonders.

## NETTIE'S MISTAKE.

'That child really must be vaccinated this week, or she cannot go to school,' mamma said; and Nettie on the veranda outside of the open window listened eagerly.

'Yes, I will call and tell the doctor to come up at once,' answered papa, as he went out.

'Vaccinated! That's something awful, for Nellie White told me her arm nearly ached itself off. And "that child" means me. Well, what if I'm not at home when the doctor comes?' mused Nettie, guiltily.

She watched the road to the village, and soon saw a buggy coming.

It was the doctor's, she was sure; and soon the veranda was empty and a hurried child was running across the fields towards the woods which skirted the pond.

What a hunt there was for Nettie when the buggy stopped before the gate! But she was not to be found.

It was more than two hours before she appeared, and as soon as she was within doors another buggy stopped before the house.

'The doctor! I'm very glad, for I was afraid he wouldn't come, and you cannot go to school until you are vaccinated,' said mamma.

Nettie was silent.

She did not speak until the doctor had gone. Then she said slowly, with a deep flush upon her face: 'I thought the doctor was here a long while ago, mamma.'

'Oh, no; Uncle Will came for you to ride out with him, but we could not find you,' answered mamma, and there was a roguish gleam in her eyes. Did she know?

'O-h-h-h!' cried the dismayed Nettie; 'Uncle Will's rides are just splendid. Oh, mamma, I ran away and got lost in the woods, and almost fell into the pond. I missed that nice time, when vaccinating don't hurt a bit. Oh, dear me!'

'Remember it, deary,' said mamma significantly. 'Never run away from a duty, no matter how hard it seems, for it sometimes brings an unexpected reward.'

'I guess you are right, mamma,' smiled Nettie, with tears in her eyes.—*Our Little Ones.*

## A GOOD HOLIDAY GAME.

There are some old games that should not be permitted to go out of fashion, and it is always worth while to tell about them, for the oldest of games is new with new readers. The old game called 'Throwing Light' is especially useful, because it can be played in a large company, as well as a small one. They were playing it at the Browns' the other day. Said Susie Brown:—

'I belong to the vegetable kingdom in all three of my senses,—at least, in all three of my nouns, though I am also a verb. I am black and green and brown, and yet sometimes I have no color at all. I am quite light, and yet I have to do with heaviness. I am very soothing. Many people weep over me.'

'You can't be a veil, can you?' interrupted John; but Susie shook her head at him, and went on.

'I give out light and heat, and yet I am never burned. People carry me; people throw me away. To some people I am very offensive. People like me very much. Every one wants to get rid of me. Many people cannot do without me.'

'You are not pain, are you?' asked Lucy. 'P-a-n-e and p-a-i-n, you know?'

'No, I am not pain,' said Susie, 'though I am very painful, and yet I am very delightful, so some people think.'

'Have you anything to do with funerals?' asked Ed, with a quizzical smile. He had been thinking deeply.

'Ye-e-s,' admitted Susie.

'Then I know you,' said Ed, triumphantly, 'you're a weed.'

The principle of the game will be easily understood. Words must be taken of several significations but of the same pronunciation, such, for example, as 'key, quay,' or 'pear, pair, and pare.' If the word is not guessed after the leader has proceeded for a few minutes, the method of 'twenty questions' may be applied.—*Golden Rule.*

MAKE BUT FEW explanations. The character that cannot defend itself is not worth vindicating.—*F. W. Robertson.*

GRANNY'S CHRISTMAS.

## FAITHFUL IN LITTLE THINGS.

A young bugler in the French army lay on his narrow bed in the camp hospital mortally wounded. The commander, passing from bed to bed, to speak a kind word to each occupant, paused by the little bugler, and laid a cool hand on his fevered brow.

'Oh, general,' said the little fellow, 'if only I were a man, I might have helped to win the battle yesterday.'

'Win the battle!' he replied, 'why, without your aid we should never have won the day; though your duty seemed so simple and so insignificant I could not have done without you.'

## CARELESS SANTA CLAUS.

From north to south speeds Santa Claus his
Christmas-crowded sleigh;
He does a wonderful amount of labor in a day:
And so, although a pity, yet perhaps it is not
queer
That in his haste he chanced to make some sad
mistakes last year.

It happened in a town that lies not distant from
our sight—
The name I will not mention here, but if I would
I might—
He passed expectant, loving friends by tens and
maybe scores,
And left the presents meant for them at other
people's doors.

The gloves he brought for Ella Green he gave to
Emma Gray,
Who had a dozen pairs from Paris just received
that day;
The doll that sickly Lulu Lane had hoped for half
a year
He gave, with seven finer ones, to small Estelle
Greer.

The drawing tools requested by ambitious
Tommy West
He sent to idle Philip Jay, who let them rust in
rest;
The muff intended Hester's needle-roughed hands
to hold
He gave the banker's daughter—and the sewing
girl caught cold.

None needed more than Mrs. Brown a china
dinner-set;
And Santa brought it for her, but it went to Mrs.
Brett;
And Mrs. Brett, who boarded, crowded it upon
a shelf,
Where no one else could see, and where she sel-
dom looked herself.

Penalian Vane, the bachelor, society's delight,
Had three fine silk umbrellas, with handles
gleaming bright;
And only one was meant for him, one for the
widow Moore,
And one for Jones, the coughing clerk at Irwin's
trimming store.

Now you may think the riddle was not very hard
to read,
That those who had too much would soon dis-
cover who had need;
But though indeed remarkable 'tis true which
here I say:
Not one of them has dreamed of the mistake
until to-day.

It's too late to mend it; dolls broken, gloves
out-worn,
A pretty muff moth-eaten, umbrellas lost and
torn;
But don't you think that all of us had better
watch this year,
Lest Santa Claus should err again, and make the
blunder here?

"THE BELL OF A GUIDING HAND."

## THE BELLS' BLESSING.

Open your windows: the bells are ringing,
Hark! how they peal on the wintry wind!
Hark to the song the bells are singing:—
'Peace and goodwill to all mankind!'

Open your hearts: there are sad hearts pleading,
Just for a tender and pitiful word,
Will you pass on with ears unheeding?
Will you go by with hearts unstirred?

Open your hearts: there are old friends yearning
Just to be back in your hearts again;
Oh! is your love beyond returning?
And shall the old friends hope in vain?

Open your hearts: there are weak ones falling
Just for the help of a guiding hand;
Go to them: do ye not hear them calling?
Help them: do ye not understand?

And a light will lighten the saddest faces,
Easy life's burdens will seem to bear;
And a music shall thrill thro' the world's waste places,
Like the song of the bells on the Christmas air.

F. E. WEATHERLY.

## ERIC'S DREAM JOURNEY:

WHAT HE SAW, AND HEARD, AND THOUGHT ABOUT IT.

### CHAPTER I.

The Christmas choir practice was taking place in All Saints' Church, Sandfield. Mr. Browne, the organist, and all the choir were in their places. The body of the church was in semi-darkness, as after the evening service all the lights had been turned out except the standard gas-jets attached to the choir stalls and the organ candles. In a pew by the centre aisle, half way down the church, sat the Rev. Arthur Milner, rector of All Saints. For several months past the younger choristers had been behaving very badly at the practices; the Rector had twice spoken to them about it, but, as Mr. Browne reported that they were still very troublesome, he had decided, on this special evening, to be present at the practice. So, instead of going home after the service to his cosy study and warm fire, he removed his surplice in the vestry and then seated himself in a pew.

All went well until the first hymn was about to be sung. Then, when the choir were standing up waiting whilst the organist played over the tune, the leading boy of the Cantoris side jogged the next boy's arm, causing his hymn-book to fall down with a clatter outside the choir stall, and then he tittered out loud as the boy nearly tipped over in trying to reach the book.

'Tell that boy who laughed to leave the church at once,' called out the Rector in a stern voice, for he had seen and heard what passed, 'and I think you had better dispense with his services for the present.'

For a few moments there was silence in the church. The organist left off playing when he heard Mr. Milner's voice, and all the choir turned their heads and looked down the gloomy church.

'Tell the boy who laughed to leave the church at once,' repeated the Rector.

For a moment Mr. Browne hesitated to speak, then turning to the young leader he said: 'You can go home at once, Eric, and you need not come to the choir again until I send for you.'

Eric Milner, for it was actually the Rector's own son, looked with a startled and angry expression on his features, first towards the organist and then to where his father sat, and without saying a word walked quickly across the chancel into the choir vestry, slamming the door behind him with a heavy bang. He was sent away and disgraced before the whole choir! The practice then continued without any further interruption to the end.

After they were dismissed the choir boys gathered in the schoolhouse yard to talk over what had taken place. 'Wasn't the Rector just angry,' said a small curly-headed boy; 'I'm glad it weren't me; and did you see Eric's face, I thought he'd have a fit.' There was a general laugh at Curly's speech.

'Ah, it's all very well for you chaps to laugh,' called out a tall, thin boy, nicknamed 'Monument,' who was the other leader; 'Eric is a bit stuck up, but not half a bad sort of chap; he won't get over this in a hurry; I shouldn't. And then it's no joke losing ten shillings a quarter. I say, 'Curly,' you'll get his place if he don't come back.'

'Three cheers for 'Curly,'' shouted another lad, for he was a popular little fellow. This caused a general hubbub, and soon the boys called out 'good-night' to each other, and went to their separate homes.

* * * * *

'What is the matter, cried Eric's twin sister Mona, as he dashed into the school-room where she was putting her things tidily together before going up to bed.

'Oh, don't bother!' he answered crossly, 'go up to bed and let a fellow alone, can't you?'

'Don't be cross, Eric dear, and do tell me,' Mona said, sitting down on the arm of the chair into which Eric had flung himself, and putting her arm round his neck. They were very fond of each other and much alike in appearance—tall, brown-eyed, brown-haired and brown complexioned. People called them the 'Twin Gipsies.' For a moment Eric felt inclined to tell Mona what had happened, then the hall door sounded, and the Rector's voice was heard telling the man to 'send Master Eric to the study,' so Mona wished him good-night, and went slowly upstairs.

Mr. Milner spoke kindly but firmly to his son about his bad behavior, but Eric was in an obstinate temper and refused to say he was sorry, nor would he promise to apologize to Mr. Brown the organist. He was, therefore, dismissed from the choir as an example to the rest.

* * * * *

For many years Eric and Mona had belonged to the All Saints' Band of Hope, and since the boy's thirteenth birthday the curate, Mr. Proctor, had placed the cupboard, containing the hymn-books, service of song papers, and other things in his care; he kept the key, and attended punctually every meeting evening to give out the books and to help to keep the little ones in order.

The next Band of Hope meeting after Eric's dismissal from the choir was held on Christmas Eve, and the Rector looked in at it on his way to see a sick woman, and was surprised to find that nothing was going on. The schoolroom was lighted up, fires burning brightly, children in their places, 'Aunt Mary' at the harmonium, and Mr Proctor at his table; but they were all waiting, yes, waiting for Eric to come with the keys. But no Eric came. So, as they could not get out the register-book, the service of song papers, and the hymn-books, Mr. Proctor gave them a short address, and, after singing the Doxology, they were dismissed.

But where was Eric all this time? On his way to the meeting he met two of his schoolfellows named Martin, and they asked him to come home with them and have some fun, as Mr. and Mrs. Martin were out at a dinner party, and they could have the house to themselves. Mr. Milner had forbidden Eric ever to go with these boys, as he did not think them fit companions for him. Now Eric had been in a very bad mood ever since the choir practice, sometimes feeling defiant and angry, and sometimes unhappy and miserable, as most boys and girls do when they have been doing wrong, for Eric felt his dismissal very keenly.

'All right,' said Eric, on the impulse of the moment, and walked off with them; a minute later he was sorry that he had joined them, but felt too proud to say so. On reaching the house they marched into the dining-room, stirred up the fire, drew chairs round the fire-place, and then, to Eric's astonishment, fetched a bottle of wine and some cigarettes. Poor Eric, it was the first time that he had been so tempted, and he was in one of his defiant moods. At first he refused to smoke or drink, but they laughed and taunted him so much, that at last he drank a little wine and then lit a cigarette. It was the first time he had ever tasted wine or smoked. We may well say 'poor Eric,' for when once a sin has been committed it is so much easier to do it again, until boys and girls, yes, and men and women, too, learn to actually love the sin. Oh, if children could only understand this, if they were only able to look ahead and see whither one little first sin was leading them, they would shrink away from that sin, and say in horror, 'No, no, I won't.' Eric did not do so, but, as we shall hear, God was very kind and sent him a strange warning, which he never forgot throughout his life.

When Eric reached home about nine o'clock, he was more defiant and obstinate than ever. How often we feel like that when we have done something very wrong of which we are ashamed. Mona met him, saying, 'Oh, Eric, I am so sorry about the keys, papa wants you again in the study,' then noticing Eric's queer look, she asked, 'What is it, dear, some more trouble?' But Eric only pushed her aside, and hanging up his hat and coat, went into the study.

The Rector sat behind his large desk, writing; papers and pamphlets were scattered about on the top of his desk, and a large waste-paper basket, half full of torn paper, stood on one side. The study walls were almost covered by rows of books. There was only one picture in the room—a large oil painting of Eric's mother who had been dead for two years.

Eric shut the door and stood before the desk waiting for his father to speak. At length Mr. Milner looked up at him sadly and said: 'Why were you not at the Band of Hope this evening, Eric? Tell me where you have been.'

No answer. Eric looked down and did not speak a word.

'Eric,' went on Mr. Milner, 'why are you silent?' If it was not your fault that you were absent, I will go, and I will ask no more questions, for you know, dear boy, I always trust you.'

Still no answer.

'Do you really refuse to tell me what you have been doing, Eric?' continued the Rector more sternly. 'If so, I can only believe that it is something of which you are ashamed.' Then softening his voice a little. 'Am I such an unkind father that you are afraid to tell me? You know how much I love you all, then why do you fear to confess if you have done wrong.'

But Eric said not a word; he did not fear his father's anger or punishment, but, although really ashamed of himself, he felt too proud and obstinate just then to confess: and besides, the wine had mounted to his head, and for the time being all his good thoughts and feelings had flown. Such is the effect that wine and spirits so often have upon people; just as unripe fruit makes the body ill so does strong liquor make the mind and heart ill. Mr. Milner had been told by a servant that she had seen Eric with the young Martins, and, noticing his strange look, he half guessed what had happened.

After a short silence the Rector made another appeal to his obstinate boy. Pointing with his pen to the painted portrait over the fireplace, he said, 'Eric, look at that dear face.' For one moment Eric raised his eyes to the picture, and then looked down again. 'Think of the promises you made to that loving mother before she died.' And here the father's voice faltered, 'remember how dear you were to her, yes, and are still,' he added reverently. 'Oh! my boy, you little know how difficult it is for me to train up and guide my children now that she is no longer here. Have you forgotten promising that you would never break your Temperance pledge, and that you would always help me in my work. Do you remember the Christmas days when, with you on her knee, she told you the story of the child Jesus, who was subject to His parents, and even at twelve years of age was about His Father's business.' All the strictness had now gone from the Rector's voice; he spoke sadly and quietly. But still Eric said nothing.

Seeing that it was useless to go on talking, his father said: 'Now, Eric, you may go; perhaps in the morning you will be in a better frame of mind. If so, come to me before you go off to church.'

Eric left the study and went straight up to bed, without asking for any supper. He was beginning to feel ill, and, oh, so unhappy! Once he thought of going down again to tell his father everything, but did not do so. Throwing off his clothes, he jumped into bed without saying any prayers, and fell asleep.

* * * * *

Ten o'clock striking. Was Eric awake or dreaming? He sat up in bed and counted ten loud strokes of the big hall clock. Yes, ten! At first he thought it must be ten in the morning, for the room was quite light; but he noticed that the

blind was right up, and the rays of the full moon shining straight in. He felt wide awake, and not at all ill or sleepy. How strange! Then—there was something moving in the room, someone standing by his bedside—yes, a lady dressed in black, looking silently down upon him. And, strange to say, Eric did not feel in the least afraid or surprised—it seemed quite natural that the lady should be there, and when she said in a very sweet voice, 'Get up at once, Eric, and come with me,' he got up quite as a matter of course. Whilst putting on his things, he looked at the lady to find out who she was. Was she his Aunt Mary? No, she was too tall. Then it flashed across his mind that it was Mona, dressed up, and standing upon something; but that could not be, for her voice was not Mona's. Then he thought how like *the figure was to dear mother*; but his mother was dead, so that was impossible.

As soon as his clothes were on, the lady said: 'Now we will go out,' and before Eric had time to say, 'May I ask papa first?' she touched him on the shoulder, and in a moment they were walking along in the street outside. How they got there Eric could not at all understand. It seemed so very wonderful—one moment in his room, and the next moment in the street. He *must* be dreaming! But no, he pinched himself hard, and felt it hurt; he coughed and blew his nose—yes, he was awake, wide awake.

Turning to Eric, the lady said: 'Now, Eric (how did she know his name, he wondered), 'I am going to show you some London sights.'

'Oh, thank you, how kind!' he cried. 'But isn't it rather late? I have been to the Tower of London and the Zoo, but not to Madame Tussaud's and several other places. Won't they be shut, though?'

The lady laughed pleasantly.

'I do not mean sights of that kind. But wait, and you will know presently. And you may call me "Guido" unless you know my real name.'

Eric confessed that he did not know her name, but would like to do so very much.

'You shall before we part, but call me "Guido" for the present,' she told him.

As they walked along the guide talked to Eric about his father, and Mona, and Bobby (his little brother), and also about his bad behaviour. Eric began to feel rather cross, but his angry feelings soon went away, for the guide's voice was so soft and musical, and she talked to him so gently and kindly, that he was quite sorry when they reached a very wide street, where there was a great deal of commotion, bustle, and glare—such a number of people and carriages passing to and fro in two continual streams, and such a noise! Eric was used to London, but he had never been in such a busy, noisy street before.

The guide stopped before a large house with big glass doors and wide, tall windows, which blazed with light from the rows of glittering gas-jets which crossed them. Every now and then people went in and out of the large doors, which closed after them with a loud bang.

'Come along, and keep close to me,' said the guide, and he followed her in.

For a little while Eric was too dazed to notice anything, and, to tell the truth, he caught hold of the guide's hand, as he used to do when a little boy and out with his nurse. They sat down on a seat in one corner, but no one seemed to take any notice of them, so Eric watched what was going on. Behind the bar—for it was a noted publichouse—there was a grand array of mirrors, bright bottles containing different colored liquids, glasses looking like crystal, and many other bright objects. A stout, red-faced man, with shiny hair, white shirt-front, and gold chain across his waistcoat, was serving the customers as fast as he could from the various bottles and bright brass taps. Eric thought it must be very hard work, for the barman's coat was off and he looked very hot. Two showily-dressed young women with white teeth and a lot of black fuzzy hair were helping the man. They worked quite as hard as he did, cleaning and filling up the glasses, but their faces were quite pale. Eric wondered why, because they seemed in such good spirits, and laughed and talked a great deal to the people.

'Those young women are the barmaids,' remarked the guide. 'They are paid to dress smartly, and to laugh and joke as well as work, because it attracts customers to the publichouse. This, of course, puts more money into the manager's pocket, because he sells a greater quantity of beer and spirits. Now, watch those two young men' she added, pointing to two respectably dressed young workmen, who had just entered the place, each smoking a big cigar.

''Arf a pint of beer for my mate, and a two of whiskey for me,' called out one in a loud voice. They seemed to be quite at home, and very good friends with the barmaid, who hastened to serve them, for she smiled pleasantly and said, 'Good evening.' Then they laughed and chatted with her for a few minutes whilst she was wiping some glasses, and after having two drinks each they swaggered out, saying, 'Good night, miss, see you again to-morrow.'

'Poor young fellows,' said the guide to Eric, 'they visit publichouses nearly every night, and all their spare money is spent in liquor and tobacco. They will get fonder and fonder of strong drink each year, and will most likely lose all interest in their work and perhaps fill drunkards' graves.'

Eric's attention was next directed to three women who stood at the farther end

MOTHER'S CHRISTMAS BOX.

of the bar; two of them were tall and stout, and the other one was a small wizen-faced woman; all of them were very shabbily dressed, three glasses of liquor stood before them on the bar. The two big women talked very fast and loud, they appeared to be quarrelling, for the little woman stepped between them and held up her hand. Then to Eric's horror they began to fight: they scratched, they tugged, they tore at each other's hair and faces, and seemed more like wild animals than English women. At last the big barman came forward, and, with the help of a policeman who had been attracted in by the noise, hustled them into the street.

Eric felt very frightened and sad during the scuffle, for it seemed to him so shocking for women to quarrel and fight like that: the other customers were quite pleased, for they laughed and jeered at the women. Eric could not help contrasting his aunt Mary and dear Mona with these poor drunken creatures.

'That was a sad sight which you must not forget, Eric,' said the guide; 'those women are mothers, their husbands have gone away to sea, to earn a hard living, and send home nearly all their wages each month; this is where most of the money is spent. One woman, before she goes to the publichouse, locks her two small children up in the room where she lives, and there the poor little mites are, often for hours. The other woman makes her eldest girl take care of the little ones each evening when she goes to the publichouse, although the girl has been working hard all day at a factory. And now, Eric, we will move on,' she added, getting up, 'but notice that small child who has just come in.'

A little girl about eight years old was lifting a large yellow jug on to the counter. 'A quart of porter, please, Miss, and here's the browns,' she said in a piping treble voice. The barmaid filled the jug, and placed the coppers in the till. The child could only just reach the jug from the counter, and as she lifted it from the edge some of the porter was spilled on the sanded floor.

'Oh, please, Miss, fill it up again,' she whined, 'cos fayther'll beat me if it ain't full.'

But the barmaid only said crossly, 'Go along, and don't bother, you young brat!' so the child walked out with her jug.

Eric and his guide followed, and oh, how glad he was to get away from those disagreeable sights and strong smells. Just before the little girl turned down a side street Eric was astonished to see her raise the jug to her mouth and take a drink of the porter.

'There, Eric, that is perhaps one of the saddest sights in all London—a child of eight already fond of strong drink. Poor little mite! it is not her fault. Perhaps when she was a baby her mother gave her small doses of liquor to keep her quiet, and she has lived among drinking people all her short life; but it is sad, very sad.'

Eric said he thought so too.

Then they walked down the busy street for a short distance and turned into another street, where there was less noise and traffic. Eric glanced up at a clock which they passed—it was eleven o'clock. What would papa say? And how tired he would be the next day. Still, he felt quite safe with his guide, and willing to go where she led him.

Now they saw coming towards them in the middle of the street a most pitiable sight. A tall, pinched, sickly woman, dressed almost in rags, was moving very slowly along, holding by the hand a little boy and girl, one on each side of her; the children looked as miserable and ragged as their mother. The boy's dirty little brown legs and feet were bare; he limped badly, and one foot was bound round by a piece of his mother's ragged dress; he wore a man's tattered frock coat, which reached to the ground, and looked, Eric thought, many years old. It was fastened about his waist by a piece of cord. His little sister had an old grey blanket thrown over her shoulders, which she tried to keep the cold wind from blowing about. On her small legs she wore a pair of large worsted socks, full of holes, and her tiny feet were encased in a big pair of old boots, which seemed as if they would tumble off at each step. The mother was singing in a high-pitched, quavering voice, 'Hark the herald angels sing.' Every now and then she looked down at her children, saying angrily, 'Sing up, can't you, and let the people hear.' Then the poor little things would chime in quite out of tune with their weak voices.

As the little girl passed Eric, she said, seeing that he was well dressed, 'Please give us a penny, we are so cold and so hungry.' If she had been washed clean, and nicely dressed, the little thing would have looked quite a pretty child, but her cheeks were sunken, hair matted, and her face and neck dirty. Eric felt so sorry, for he had spent his last penny the day before, but he at once thought of two cakes of chocolate which the Martins had given to him. He pulled these from his pocket and handed them to the child, whose eyes sparkled as she said, 'Oh, thank you, sir.' Then Eric noticed that she handed them to her mother, who gave one to each of the children.

Why, she spoke almost as nicely as Mona speaks, and not like other beggar children. 'Who are they?' asked Eric of the guide.

'Ah, their story is a sorrowful one,' she replied; 'the father was once a rich young merchant, clever and wealthy, but he became fond of strong drink, and the family sank lower and lower. Now he is in a prison hospital, almost dying, and they are forced to beg for their living.'

Then the guide took Eric down a very narrow street, and they entered a tall, gloomy house, six stories high. After ascending two flights of stone steps, they passed down a long, narrow passage, dimly lighted by one small oil lamp; no carpet was on the floor, and the painted walls were very dirty. Several doors, which were mostly ajar, led out from the passage, and although the hour was so late, the noise of babies crying, children calling out, and other sounds issued from the rooms into which they led. The guide stopped before the end door, which was open: near to this door there was a small window; Eric crept close up to it and peeped in.

*(To be Continued.)*

## A LANGUAGE IN TWO MONTHS.

The late Sir Richard Burton was master of twenty-nine languages. In his life, recently written by his widow, we are told of the method he used in making these acquisitions, one of his own invention. 'I got a simple grammar and vocabulary, marked out the forms and words which I knew were absolutely necessary, and learned them by heart, by carrying them in my pocket and looking over them at spare moments during the day. I never worked more than a quarter of an hour at a time, for after that the brain lost its freshness. After learning some three hundred words, easily done in a week, I stumbled through some easy bookwork, (one of the Gospels is the most come-at-able,) and underlined every word that I wished to recollect, in order to read over my pencillings at least once a day. Having finished my volume, I then carefully worked up the grammar minutiæ.... The neck of the language was now broken, and progress was rapid.' In this way, this remarkable scholar was able without help to learn a new language in two months. The experience is interesting, and may be of service to some of our young readers.

## CHRISTMAS IN BETHLEHEM.

G. W. WOOD IN 'SUNDAY MAGAZINE.'

'But to come to the little hamlet where Christ was born, how shall I find the words to describe to you the Cave of the Saviour? And that manger in which the little babe cried is to be honored by silence rather than by weak words.' So writes the great Biblical Father of the Church, St. Jerome, who at the close of the fourth century took up his abode in one of the grottoes near the birthplace of our Lord, and for thirty years devoted himself to prayer, fasting, and the translation and exposition of the Scriptures. When the devout patrician lady, Paula, arrived at Bethlehem and first entered the cavern, 'I heard her declare,' says St. Jerome, 'that with the eyes of faith she beheld the infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and crying in the manger, she saw the Magi adoring the Lord, the star shining down, the Virgin Mother giving suck, the shepherds who came by night; and in her joy she exclaimed, "Hail, Bethlehem, house of bread, in which was born the bread that came down from Heaven; hail Ephrata, the fertile land, of which God Himself is the fruit."'

In those days 'was there a nation from which there came not men to visit the holy places?' And among the multitudes of pilgrims who have thronged thither during the subsequent fifteen centuries, how many have realized the same blessed vision, how many have had borne in upon them the conviction that the events of that starry midnight actually happened as they have been recorded, and that on the earth may still be seen the veritable spot where 'the Word was made flesh?'

Of all memorable places on this changeful planet of ours, there is surely none so full of intense interest, so aglow with spiritual fervor, as this small mountain village, running eastward along the double crest of the white chalk ridge, which looks down over the olives and figs and vines of its terraced slopes into the sunny valley where Ruth, the beautiful gleaner, followed the sickle-men of Boaz as they worked among the ripe April barley. Long before that idyllic episode the region was hallowed by the pillar which Jacob set up to the north of the existing town, for there the beloved Rachel died, leaving the 'son of her sorrow' to become the 'son of the right hand' of the patriarch in his bereaved old age. Here, too, Ruth's great-grandson was born. Here amid the solitude of the bare hills he lay out in the watches of the night, under the sweet influences of the Pleiades and banded Orion and the seven-starred Mazzaroth. Here he led his flock through 'green pastures' and beside 'waters of rest.' Here he took the lion by the beard, as one sees the Assyrian kings take him in the sculptures, and slew him. Hither, too, when the prophet Samuel visited the house of Jesse, he came from the sheepfolds, 'ruddy and of a beautiful countenance and goodly to look to,' and was anointed king in the midst of his brethren.

Bethlehem was among the holy places which excited the angry derision of the Romans. 'From Hadrian to Constantine,' says St. Jerome, 'for a period of about one hundred and eighty years, an image of Jupiter was adored on the site of the Resurrection, and on the Hill of the Cross a marble statue of Venus was consecrated by the Gentiles; the authors of persecution thinking that they would deprive us of our faith in the Resurrection and the Cross if they polluted these holy sites. Our Bethlehem, that most august spot in the world, was overshadowed by a grove of Tammuz, and in the cave in which the infant Christ wept women bewailed the darling of Venus.' Some sixteen years before Jerome's time, however, the trees which screened the rites of this obscene worship were uprooted, and the splendid basilica of St. Helena, the mother of Constantine—the oldest Christian church in existence—sprang up over the cave of the Nativity. As one approaches Bethlehem one sees with wonder the enormous pile, grey with the weathering of centuries, and the Latin, Greek, and Armenian convents massed closely about it. Two of the three great arched gateways which opened into the spacious porch were completely blocked up with stone in the days when there was danger from Mohammedan violence, and in the third no more than a low narrow entrance has been left.

The interior of the church consists of a nave and four aisles supported by Corinthian pillars, which are said to have once stood in the porches of the last Temple at Jerusalem; but little survives of the ancient splendor of the edifice. Time has effaced the gilding and brilliant coloring of the high pointed roof, and only fragments remain of the mosaics representing the old-time Churches, the lineage of Joseph, and possibly scenes in the life of our Lord. On the pillars may yet be traced scratchings of the crests of the warriors of the Crusades. The choir is walled off from the body of the church and divided into two chapels; one for the Greeks, the other for the Armenians. From each a spiral staircase descends to the cavern where 'unto us a child was born.' A third staircase, hewn in the rock, leads from St. Catherine's, the church of the Latins, on the north side of the choir. The pilgrim who descends by it passes through an oblong chamber, at one end of which he may see the tombs of the great Father Jerome, St. Paula, and her daughter Eustochium; while at the other he may mount the three steps which give access to the study—a vault twenty feet square and nine high—of the translator of the 'Vulgate.' Passing next the Altar of the Innocents, which marks the spot where it is said the twenty thousand children murdered by the orders of Herod were buried, and other interesting objects of questionable authenticity, the pilgrim reaches at last, by a narrow and crooked corridor, the western entrance of the cave.

And here the Saviour of mankind was born!—in this rude limestone rock-shelter, which is about ten feet high and measures thirteen yards in width by five in depth, and which the piety of the faithful has encrusted and paved with Italian marble. Little wonder that one's heart beats fast and one's eyes grow dim at the vivid recollection of that marvellous birth-night nineteen centuries ago, at the sight of that small semicircular niche with its array of silver lamps burning day and night over the silver star on the pavement. That star marks the point in the heavens where His star appeared to the Magi to stand still, and around the marble slab one reads the inscription—

HIC DE VIRGINE MARIA JESUS CHRISTUS NATUS EST.

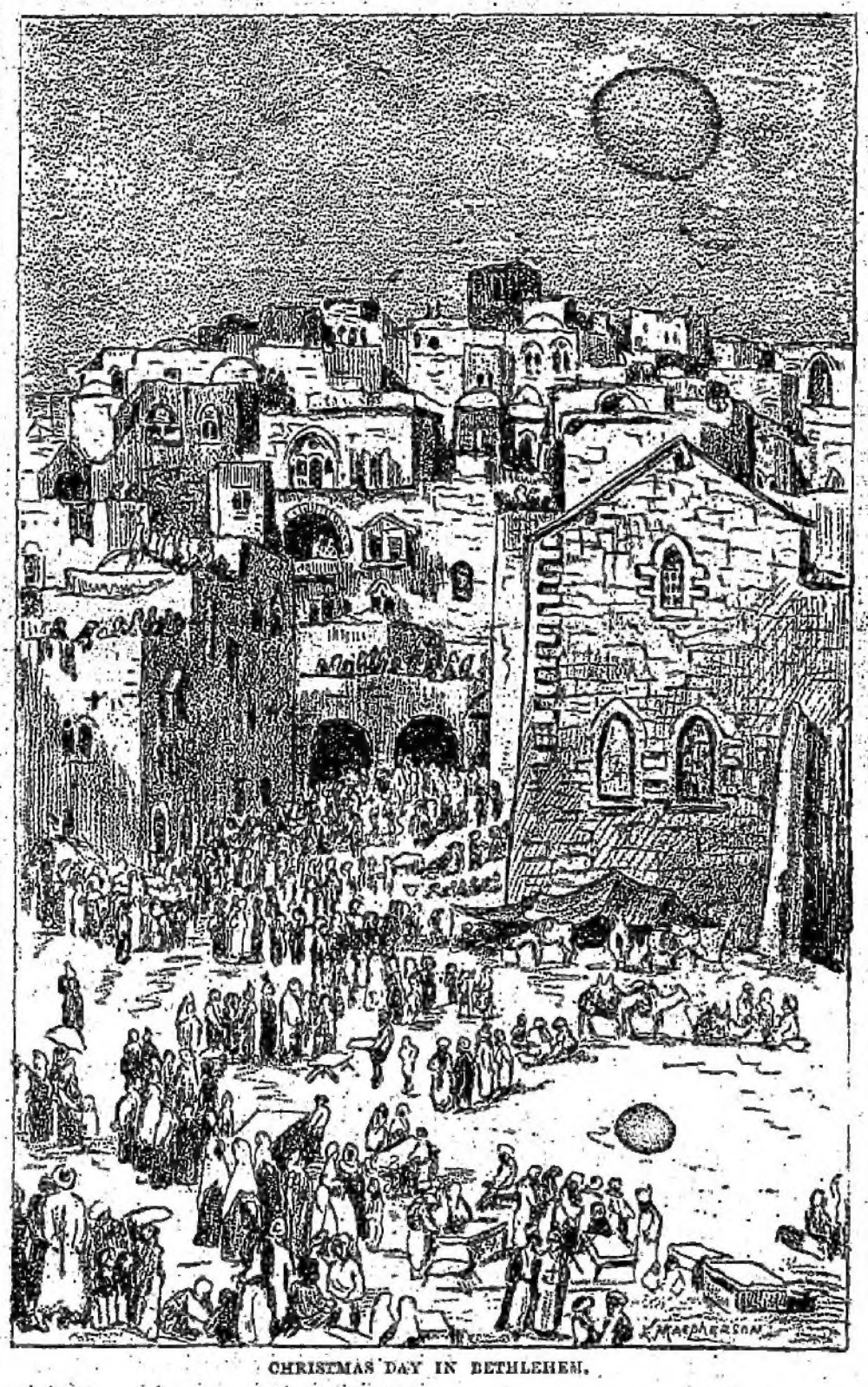
'Here Christ Jesus was born of the Virgin Mary.'

Of all seasons of the year the most appropriate for a visit to the scene of the Nativity is the feast of Christmas, but it is to be feared that few of my readers would be seriously impressed by the ceremonial which attracts the vast concourse of pilgrims and sightseers on that memorable night. Could one stand or kneel alone for an hour after midnight in that sacred cave, it might be possible to come forth into the daylight with a renewed heart, with an utterable consciousness of the nearness of so much that often seems so far away. And yet who shall say that many a life is not brightened by the splendid services which crowd the mountain hamlet at that gracious and hallowed time? How many a heart may be deeply moved among those close-packed rows of pleasant women in their white *ezars* and men in their gaily colored *mash'lahs*, as the waxen figure of the divine child is taken from the altar and laid in the arms of the Patriarch, and the procession, singing hymns as it goes, descends the rocky staircase to the cave, where the baby image is laid on the silver star in the pious memory of that old birth-night!

Though groups of many nationalities gather at Bethlehem at Christmastide, the contingent of Russian pilgrims is probably the most numerous of all. The number who visit the holy places annually was set down a year or two ago at five thousand, and it is said to be constantly increasing. 'There is hardly a village in Russia,' writes Laurence Oliphant, 'in which there is not to be found a bottle of Jordan water. Indeed the Holy City plays a greater part in the Greek religion than it does in the Latin, and the affections of the Orthodox are centred on these shrines to a degree unknown among Christians of any other denomination. There is not a Russian pilgrim who visits Jerusalem who does not hope that he may live to see the day when it will become a Russian city, and who does not long for the call to a holy war, the object of which shall be the exclusive possession by Russia of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and of the city in which it stands.'

A curious spectacle these pilgrims present as, headed by their pope, with his strange brimless hat, his long beard, and flowing garments, they wend their way among the rugged hills and under the ardent skies of Palestine—men, women, and children clothed in fur caps and thick woollen coats, and bearing their bundles of household necessaries. In their bosoms burn the same enthusiasm as that which prompted our English ancestors to leave legacies for the equipment of some sturdy knight when there should be a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, which glowed in the breast of the 'Good Sir James' when he bore the heart of the Bruce on that splendid but fatal journey to the East.

And who can marvel that it should be so? Who, indeed, is there that does not understand that feeling, even if he does not share it?



CHRISTMAS DAY IN BETHLEHEM.

## THE CHRISTMAS PILGRIMAGE.

(BETHLEHEM.)

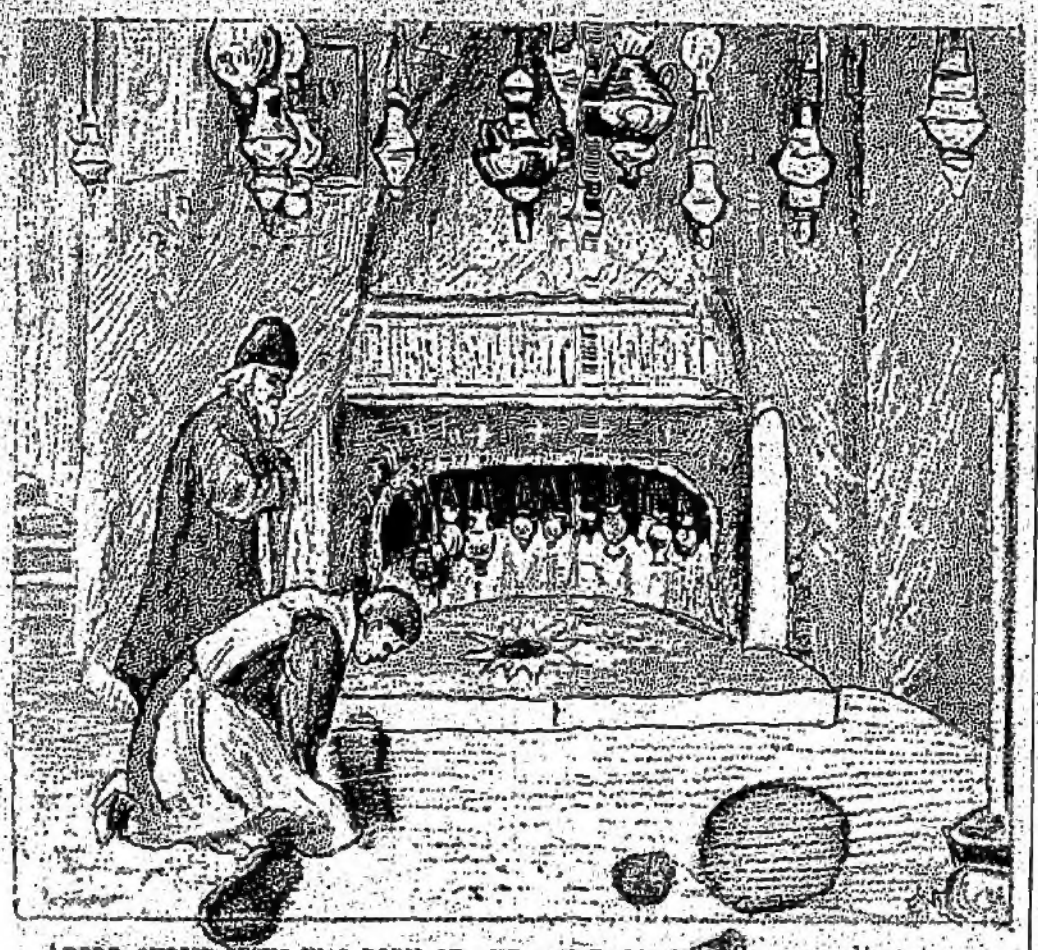
What means this waiting throng?
Whence have these weary, way-worn wanderers come?
Why rises, in strange tongues, the expectant hum,
Like that tense under-song
The joyful Jordan voices in the spring
Till Hermon hearkens, leaning grandly down,
And wearing still his shimmering snowy crown?
Soon will these murmuring lips with ardor sing,
And soon these lifted faces, wan or brown,
Glow into worship that is rapturing.
Back will be thrown the consecrated door,
And then these feet, from many a distant shore,
Be privileged to press the hallowed floor.

Why have they come,—the hardy mountaineer
From Lebanon's cedars and their checkered shade?
The merchant and the snowy-mantled maid
Who holds great Nilus dear?
Why have they come,—the men with restless eyes
And pallid cheeks that tell of norland skies?
Why have they come,—the Latin and the Greek?
Do pilgrims thus this sanctuary seek
Because 'twas here
For year on fiery year
The red earth drank
The deluged blood of Paynim and of Frank?
Or do they surge to see
The antique symmetry
Of springing arch and carven pillar fine,
In this old holy house of Constantine?

Ah, no! ah, no! To them the memory
Of war is not, and monarchs play no part
In any thought that stirs an eager heart.
They have no eyes to see
A single graceful groining. What care they
If here, upon a bygone Christmas-Day,
The King-crusader, Baldwin, took his crown?
Or what to them the saint of blest renown
In yonder sepulchre, now crumbling clay?
Their patient feet one precious spot would press,
Their yearning eyes would lovingly caress
The time-dulled silver star
Sunk deep within the pavement, footfall-worn,
'Here, of the Virgin Mary, Christ was born.'
They read, these pilgrims who have plodded far.

They read and pass and ponder. Few can see
The tiny chapel and the dim-lit shrine,
And feel no thrill, despite the mummery,
Of something more divine
Within the breast than ever pulsed before.
Then let us pilgrims be
Upon this sacred day we all adore!
Although our mortal feet touch not the floor,
Although our mortal eyes may not behold,
Our spirits may take flight,
And with immortal sight
Stand where the prayerful wise-men stood of old
In ecstasy of adoration, when
They saw the Saviour of the sons of men.

—*By Clinton Scollard.*



'HERE CHRIST JESUS WAS BORN OF THE VIRGIN MARY.' *See preceeding page.*

## THE MARK BY WHICH HE WAS TO BE KNOWN.

BY BISHOP CHENEY.

How was the Christmas Babe to be distinguished from all other children? The angels who announced the tidings to the shepherds would have these humble seekers for the Messiah make no blunder. The Divine Child must have an infallible mark.

It is easy to imagine what the shepherds themselves would have expected the sign to be. These peasants were Jews. They had heard of the kingly splendors of Herod's palace. They knew that all the prophets had foretold that the coming King was to eclipse all earthly monarchs in glory. Naturally they would expect to find the new-born heir of Judah's throne in some grand apartment of a regal palace, His cradle of ivory or gold, His baby-garments of delicate fabrics fit for the prospective king.

Perhaps it was a disappointment to these simple-minded men when they learned from angelic lips what the mark of the new-born Messiah was. They will know Him by this sign—that he is a child of the poor, sheltered in a stable, cradled in a manger and swathed in the same coarse wrappings as the babes of the poorest in Israel.

We cannot make too much of that fact at Christmastide. It is a key to explain the success of the Gospel in the old Roman days. It suggests why the catacombs bear rude inscriptions to the memory of mechanics and hunted slaves who lived and died in the joy of Christian faith.

In a European capital I once saw a man move through a crowd, which parted to the right and left to let him pass, wearing on his breast a jewelled order. It was 'a sign with them'—a sign that this man did not belong to the common herd. It was the badge of the elect minority—the noble-born few. But at His very birth Christ wore the badge of the immense majority in this world—the poor.

His whole ministry was in keeping with the sign that marked Him the Messiah. He lived among the poor. He had compassion on their sorrows. He shared all their privations in His own personal experience of poverty.

For the majority of men in this world are poor. What is more: the rich are going to be poor. One of our modern pet expressions represents dying under the euphemistic phrase, 'joining the majority.' It is only another way of saying that the living inhabitants of the globe are few as compared with the countless millions who have passed away. But in another sense the dying man 'joins the majority.' He may live a millionnaire but he dies a pauper. In that hour the richest is as poor as Lazarus at the gate. From his birth Christ was marked as belonging to this commonalty of mankind.

Modern quackery has two different remedies for the ills of poverty.

The Socialist agitator says that poverty is an unnatural and artificial thing. It grows out of cruel laws which capital has enacted for its own advantage. The only remedy is in breaking up modern society and reconstructing it. Property must be wrested from its possessors and redistributed. Here is a coin which glitters like gold. But it is not gold—only some baser metal. Break it up. Melt it over. Recast it in the die. Stamp it with a new 'image and superscription.' Does that process change the base metal into gold? Just as little will the breaking up of society by revolution change the material of which society is made—our selfish human nature.

But modern Philosophy thinks that it has a better remedy. The Socialist is wrong. Poverty is not unnatural. It is natural because the result of inevitable law. 'The fittest survive.' The weak perish. The strong live. That may seem hard to you poor people. But then let it console you that it constitutes a beautiful instance of the working of the great law of our benificent Mother Nature—'The survival of the fittest.' As though an inquisitor said to the victim on the rack, 'It ought to comfort you in your agony to notice with what wonderful accuracy and certainty this machine operates.'

The Christmas bells are ringing. In every pealing note they say to the poor, 'Jesus was one with you. He chose to share your lot because it was that of the majority. In all that you have to bear, you are a brother to Jesus Christ.' Christ never took on His blessed lips the philosopher's cant. He never said that misery, poverty, disease and death were natural results of a Divine law. They were as unnatural as hateful. But for them all He has a remedy—'That ye love one another as I have loved you.'

## CHRISTMAS LEGENDS

The first manifestation of our Saviour was his birth, the second his baptism, the third the marriage at Cana. The Christian church consolidated these three manifestations into one festival, and all along the first centuries this festival was observed on Christmas day. His baptism was supposed to confer wonderful medicinal properties to water, which must be obtained at midnight on the day of the nativity from a running stream. St. Chrysostom, in the fourth century, preached at Antioch a sermon in which mention is made of this peculiar belief. This water Grimm thinks was used for thaumaturgical purposes. One obtained it would keep pure and fresh indefinitely. In honor of the marriage at Cana, the common people used to believe that between eleven and twelve of this holy night all spring water turned to wine.

Of the numerous Christian legends in circulation during the mediæval ages, Karl von Bulow has preserved one of the three wise kings who brought presents and laid them at the feet of the divine infant. After Balaam's prophecy that a star gleaming forth from Jacob should illuminate the whole world, through all the east the potentates kept for centuries the wisest masters in astronomy on Fons, the highest mountain in India, watching night and day for the miraculous star. At last it burst upon their straining eyes, dimming the sun at midday with its unwonted brilliancy, and from its blinding rays a voice proceeded, saying: 'A man the king and Lord of the Jews, for whom the whole world has been yearning, at last is born. Him seek ye and adore.'

Three kings of India whose territories lay so wide apart that they had never heard of each other's existence, rejoiced over this message, and its miraculous import was confirmed to them by wonderful signs. To the first, Casper of Tharsis, an ostrich hatched from two eggs a lion and a lamb, thus signifying the mission of the Prince of Peace. To the second, Melchior of Nubia, a beautiful bird flying from his garden announced in a human voice that the Saviour of the world was born. To the third, Balthasar of Gadolia, a child was born who prophesied the moment he saw the light that from a pure virgin a son had been born who was doomed to die at the age of three and thirty years, as he was doomed to die at the age of three and thirty days, which latter prophecy came true.

Then the three wise kings, gathering together their most precious treasures, set forth to find this divine child, guided on their way by the wonderful star, which led them night and day with its unwonted light, and during all their journey not once did they rest, nor eat or drink, either they or the beasts which carried them. After thirteen days' continuous journeying the three holy kings arrived simultaneously at Jerusalem, coming from different points, and, though unknown, each recognized the other's mission, and they all embraced and understood each other, though speaking different and unknown languages.

Then, still guided by the star, they made their way to Bethlehem, meeting the shepherds to whom the angels of the Lord had announced the birth of the Saviour. At last the star paused over the stable in which the divine infant lay, and the wise kings, putting on their royal robes, entered and, bowing until their lips touched the earth, they laid their priceless gifts at the feet of the virgin.

Then, after due time, they returned to their kingdoms, and that they might know the difference between God's ways and man's ways, it took them two years to retrace the ground over which they had come in thirteen days.—*R. A. Oakes.*

## THE SUN OF MY SOUL.

One of Tennyson's visitors once ventured to ask him what he thought of Jesus Christ. They were walking in the garden and for a minute Tennyson said nothing, then he stopped by some beautiful flower and said, simply, 'What the sun is to that flower, Jesus Christ is to my soul. He is the sun of my soul.' Tennyson was a man of deep reserve, but only the more significant on that account is such a revelation as this of his inner life. Though not a religious poet in the technical sense, he brings into his poetry more of the tender sympathy, the infinite kindness of Christ than any other great poet.

## TWO STOCKINGS.

In her little stocking
Betty Baby found,
First, a tiny golden ring
Set with rubies round,
Then a lovely dolly,
Beautiful to see,
Bonbons, cakes and sugar toys,
Happy Baby she!

In her little stocking
Polly Baby found,
First, a stick of candy,
Then an apple round,
Then a pair of mittens,
Fitting perfectly;
That was all, but none the less,
Happy Baby she!

—*Youth's Companion.*

## O'ER THE DISTANT MOUNTAINS BREAKING.

O'er the distant mountains breaking,
Comes the rodd'ning dawn of day;
Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,
Rise and sing, and watch and pray;
'Tis thy Saviour
On His bright returning way.

O Thou long-expected, weary
Waits mine anxious soul for Thee;
Life is dark, and earth is dreary
Where Thy light I do not see;
O my Saviour!
When wilt Thou return to me?

Long, too long in sin and sadness,
Far away from Thee, I pine,
When, oh, when, shall I the gladness
Of Thy Spirit feel in mine?
O my Saviour!
When shall I be wholly Thine?

Nearer is my soul's salvation,
Spent the night, the day at hand;
Keep me in my lowly station,
Watching for Thee, till I stand,
O my Saviour!
In Thy bright and promised land.

With my lamp well trimmed and burning
Swift to hear, and slow to roam,
Watch I for Thy glad returning
To restore me to my home.
Come, my Saviour!
O my Saviour! quickly come!

MONSELL.

## THE ART OF CHRISTMAS GIVING.

It has been nearly two thousand years ago since the first beautiful Christmas gift came on earth, and it was received with gladness and joy by shepherd and king alike. To-day, in memory of that, I give you some little trifle, because I love you, but I give it so ungraciously you scarcely like to take it.

Give with a loving and full heart, and never, under any circumstances, give that which you begrudge. Such a gift will bear no fruit for you, not even the honest fruit of thanks. You can quote as many times as you want that 'Unto him that hath shall be given,' and so it shall, because it is just this way, my friend: You possess the gifts of gentleness and graciousness, of politeness and of goodness and these are gifts that call others to them. If people are cross and disagreeable there is very slight inclination to wish them A Merry Christmas; if they are irritable and snappish nobody cares whether they are blessed with a Christmas present or not, but unto her who hath the graces that I have cited, will certainly come a basket full of good gifts, 'pressed down, shaken together and running over.'—*Ruth Ashmore.*

## 'DIVVY.'

At a Christmas entertainment last year the superintendent, a Western man newly elected to the office, made a little speech before the gifts upon the tree were distributed to the children. During his remarks he said, 'Suppose when we come to give out these bags of candy, some boy or girl doesn't get any. Suppose there are more boys and girls than there are bags of candy, I hope that any child who gets a bag will do, as we say out West, will "divvy."'

There was a great silence over the room, and one of the older church-members sitting on the platform thought the children didn't understand the superintendent's remarks. He twitched his coat and whispered:

'Brother, they don't know what you mean by "divvy."'

'What!' exclaimed the superintendent, in astonishment. 'Oh, yes they do.' And he turned to the school. 'How many boys here know what it means to "divvy!"'

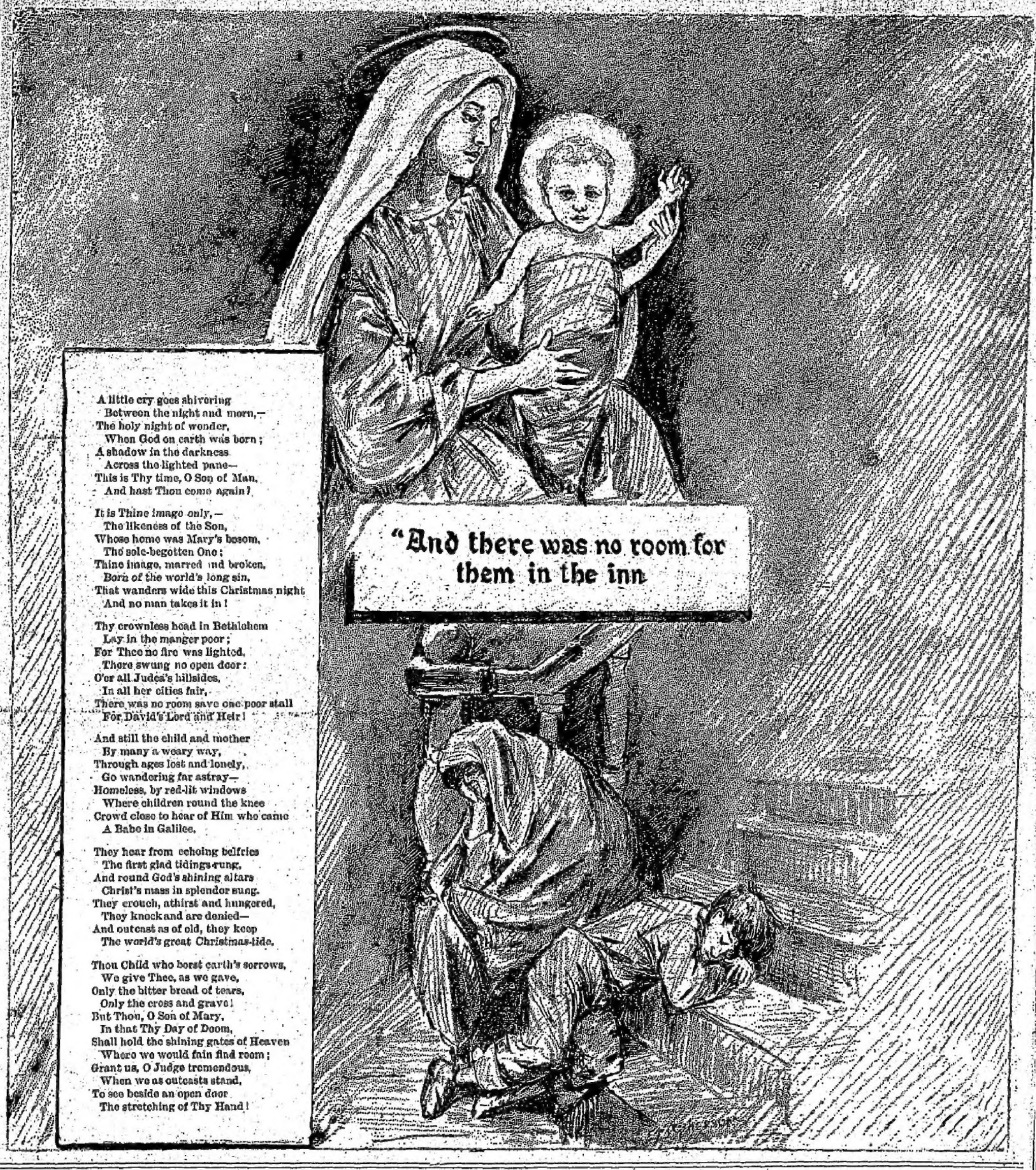
A forest of hands went up.

'You tell,' said the superintendent, pointing at the smallest boy on the front seat.

'Means to make two equal halves, and keep the smallest yourself!'

Blessed spirit of Christmas! A definition of 'divvy' like that applied to all man's needed sharing with his brother would bring the Christ-child nearer to us all.

A MISSIONARY in Singapore was one day surprised to find his church freshly whitewashed. He discovered that a new convert, a Chinese, had done it as a labor of love. 'I did it,' said the Chinaman, 'to thank God.'




A little cry goes shivering
  Between the night and morn,—
The holy night of wonder,
  When God on earth was born;
A shadow in the darkness
  Across the lighted pane—
This is Thy time, O Son of Man,
  And hast Thou come again?

It is Thine image only,—
  The likeness of the Son,
Whose home was Mary's bosom,
  The sole-begotten One;
Thine image, marred and broken,
  Born of the world's long sin,
That wanders wide this Christmas night
  And no man takes it in!

Thy crownless head in Bethlehem
  Lay in the manger poor;
For Thee no fire was lighted,
  There swung no open door:
O'er all Judea's hillsides,
  In all her cities fair,
There was no room save one poor stall
  For David's Lord and Heir!

And still the child and mother
  By many a weary way,
Through ages lost and lonely,
  Go wandering far astray—
Homeless, by red-lit windows
  Where children round the knee
Crowd close to hear of Him who came
  A Babe in Galilee.

They hear from echoing belfries
  The first glad tidings rung,
And round God's shining altars
  Christ's mass in splendor sung.
They crouch, athirst and hungered,
  They knock and are denied—
And outcast as of old, they keep
  The world's great Christmas-tide.

Thou Child who borst earth's sorrows,
  We give Thee, as we gave,
Only the bitter bread of tears,
  Only the cross and grave!
But Thou, O Son of Mary,
  In that Thy Day of Doom,
Shall hold the shining gates of Heaven
  Where we would fain find room;
Grant us, O Judge tremendous,
  When we as outcasts stand,
To see beside an open door
  The stretching of Thy Hand!

## MY EXPERIENCE IN BIBLE STUDY.

I had childhood's interest in Bible history, and especially in the stories of Joseph and Samson. In those years I committed to memory portions of Scripture, as Sabbath-school scholars used to do. At an early age my attention was called to religion, and then I began to study the Bible from the sense of duty, and found there, in the inward conflicts that soon arose, weapons to ward off my enemies, and remembered that with such weapons Christ repelled Satan's deceitful attacks.

At this period a sufferer told me that in nights of anguish Bible passages learned in health often revealed their richness with sustaining power. This quickened me in learning Scripture, that I too might have a foundation for the days of trial to come.

In college I revered and read the Bible, and desired to have some mastery in its lore, but did not clearly see how to attain it? Not until after college days did I realize that the Bible should be studied much as we study the Greek and Latin and English classics, for the Bible has literary perfection as well as they. Isaiah has all the simplicity, the sublimity, the fire of Homer; and for those who seek to fathom Job the book affords no less reward than Shakespeare's Hamlet.

This might be expected, for the Bible writers were men of sense, and had weightiest things to say, with the earnestness of conviction wrought in them by the Holy Spirit. Indeed, the individual verses of Scripture are precious; and one is rich who has a store of them at his command. But Scripture verses are not unstrung pearls; they are not severed statements, but words fitly framed together into many a rich discourse.

My teacher brought from his treasure things new and old; and guided us into the way of exploring Scripture. Greek was most helpful in New Testament studies under this eminent teacher. The Hebrew was needed not only for Old Testament study but for deeper knowledge of the New Testament. But Hebrew looked formidable, and I was on the point of yielding to obstacles that arose as I entered upon its study, but I was dissuaded from such weakness, and soon had some facility in the language. Now I possessed essential helps for Bible study; and the best that I have achieved has been through the aid of its originals.

The Bible, as its name declares, is the Book of books, and therefore deserves our chief regard. But we should not therefore despise any department of useful knowledge; we do well to drink at as many pure fountains as possible, that so we may gain the greatest enlargement of mind and heart. Thus we shall be qualified to apprehend something of the mysteries of the Bible—to apprehend things that are incomprehensible!

In my study of the Bible its originals have been my best helps. Commentaries based upon those originals have been invaluable. Studies in words, study of standard English authors, study of modern languages—all have lent me their aid. For achievement in Bible study that deserves all our zeal one might well desire to equip himself with all that has ever been wisely said or sung.—*Thomas Hill Rich, in Morning Star.*

# THE HOUSEHOLD.

## EXTRAVAGANCE IN GIVING.

ELIZABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL.

The reform must begin with women. We are the greatest sinners in this respect because, as a general rule, it is we who regulate the expenditure of the family income. The scale of living in the household is usually adjusted in accordance with our idea of what is proper and befitting our position. Men sometimes have a spasm of extravagance and buy a handsome present which we consider far more expensive than was necessary or desirable, but it is always done to please and gratify some special friend. They do not waste money as we do in numberless little gifts, each small in itself yet the total cost reaching a sum that is by no means insignificant.

Must we then deny ourselves the pleasure of remembering those dear to us and refrain from any substantial expression of our regard for them lest we should run into excess? Not at all. We have to steer between selfishness and extravagance. The wise woman decides in her own mind how much she can afford to spend, and on whom she will bestow her gifts, and then resolutely refuses to be tempted beyond the limit she has assigned herself.

It is astonishing to those who never have tried the experiment how much can be accomplished with small means plus care and thought and patient labor.

Lowell, with the insight of the poet who sees clearly the spiritual law in the natural world, has told us,

'The gift without the giver is bare.

In our offerings to our friends we should try to put into them something of ourselves. If they are our own productions, the creation of our brains or our fingers, so much the better. We are not all skillful enough to be able to give of our handiwork, or clever enough to lay claim to having originated the tribute we bring. We can all add immeasurably to the value of our gifts by choosing them with special reference to the tastes and wishes and needs of the recipients. A shoe-bag that is positively required to fill a space on a closet door, and hold the shoes that have a habit of being lost when they are wanted in a hurry, will give more real comfort and satisfaction to a busy woman than a bracelet which she would only have an opportunity to wear at long intervals.

Sometimes a dainty trifle that the housemother would not have time to make for herself, and yet which she longs to have to aid in the adornment of her home, will be more acceptable than a present of greater intrinsic value for her own personal use. Bits of delicate embroidery, a table centre, a set of doilies, a tea cloth, or a pretty toilet set will give a young housekeeper as much pleasure as if her friend had expended many times their cost in the effort to gratify her without meeting her wants.

Evidences of loving care for ourselves always touch our hearts. To know that we have been specially thought of and planned for sends a warm glow of gratitude and responsive affection through us that nothing else can call forth. With what tenderness we regard the gifts of the children when first they begin to manifest their love for us by independent offerings. They may be almost ludicrously inappropriate—if they are the work of the little hands they are sure to be full of imperfections—but such as they are we would not exchange them for the most finished productions of skilled workmen.

Good taste and thoughtfulness and money together can almost work miracles when they are brought to bear in this matter of presents. When a woman has generosity, common sense and the means to carry out her plans, she can bring happiness into many less fortunate lives without causing any embarrassment or painful sense of obligation. There are numberless women with artistic tastes and a love for the beautiful, with a keen appetite for literature and art whose limited incomes forbid their gratification. The new book, the picture or the cast, is as unattainable to them as if they had been removed to another planet. It is at Christmas that those who are blessed with this world's goods can supply some of these wants and help to fill a vacuum of whose extent they little dream. A subscription to a favorite periodical will bring a recurring pleasure for a whole year to a quiet country home or a lonely life where events are few. There are persons far removed from the very poor whom we pity, and whose material wants we try to supply, who are fully as deserving of sympathy and help as they. The struggle for mere subsistence is so intense it swallows up all that they can bring to it, there is no margin left for luxuries, and yet to some minds these are necessities almost equally with daily bread.

The soul of gifts is love; they are only tokens of something else, the inward feeling of which they are the outward expression. If no affection goes with them they are a mockery far better withheld. It is the thought of the great love which on Christmas day brought to the world the gift of a Redeemer that gives meaning to our presenting them at this time. If we kept this before us it would make us hesitate to offer frivolous mementoes of a passing fancy having no root in our hearts.

If there is a joy in giving there is also, in a lesser degree, a pleasure in receiving. It is this pleasure the recipient is very apt not to express, or at least not to express in full measure, and so defraud the giver of a part of his rightful gratification.

Expression is, in a large degree, a matter of disposition. Frank outspoken persons without shyness or self-consciousness, say naturally what is uppermost in their minds. They may not feel more gratitude than others who cannot put their feelings into words but certainly they are far more satisfactory recipients of gifts. When one has spent time and thought in preparing what one hopes will be a pleasant surprise to one's friend, to have it received with a tepid 'thank you,' no surprise manifested, no pleasure shown, is apt to make one feel a sense of blank discouragement that prevents the effort from being repeated.

On Christmas morning there should be no lack of loving words of appreciation, of smiles of gratitude and warm, hearty thanks for the love that has so bountifully remembered us.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

## THE LIVING-ROOM.

No home should be without it! By whatever name it is called, whether living-room or back parlor, withdrawing room or kitchen,—however named, or if, indeed, nameless, or even misnamed,—this sanctuary of the family life should exist. It is as helpful as is the American woman's rocking-chair, or—sapolio. A house may have a magnificent parlor, a fine reception room, an elegant dining-room, a well-appointed kitchen, and chambers of all varieties of beauty and daintiness,—yes, even an attic,—and yet be far from an ideal home, simply because there is no living-room.

Any room in the house, however, may serve this purpose if only certain conditions are fulfilled. It need not always be planned for by the architect. Common consent may convert the most precise and proper of rooms in the city mansion, or the one room of the frontiersman's 'shack,' into the ideal living-room. I would like to suggest these few conditions, calling them the shalts and the shalt-nots of the living-room.

First, if you want your living-room an ideal one, thou shalt *live* in it. If one member always goes to his own room to read, and another betakes herself and her sewing to her particular apartment, and the children are banished to the nursery, and the father goes to the club, there is no living-room, no matter how beautiful a room you may call by that good, old-fashioned name. And if only a part of the family gathers here, there is a vacuum in the room, and human nature, as well as other kinds of nature, hates a vacuum.

Second, thou shalt have comfortable—not necessarily handsome or new, better if they are neither—chairs in the room, enough of them to go around in the family.

Third, thou shalt, when in it, worship, not thyself, but the family,—collectively and individually, especially the latter. There can be no selfishness in a true living-room.

But thou shalt not, oh housekeeper, allow the room to be too fine or good for human nature's daily food,—I do not mean the children's lunches, but the more ethereal, but none the less important, functions of family intercourse and comradeship.

Second, thou shalt not banish from it the family tools, by which I mean not the axe and lawn-mower, but the house-mother's sewing-basket if she wants it, the grandmother's knitting-needles, the sister's bright-colored worsteds, and the boy's jack-knife. Let it look as if you were at home, and not parlor boarders.

Do you wonder where sunshine, the open fire-place, attractive furnishings, the latest magazines and books, and other such delightful accessories came in,—or, rather, why they do not appear at all? Simply because they are accessories, charming, delightful, to be desired, of course, but *not* essentials. It is possible to have a model living-room without any one of them.

Let me give the essentials of this room then, in one word: love,—love alive, alert, and—at home.

## DISPOSITION OF HOUSEHOLD REFUSE.

'If all housekeepers followed my example, the ashman would have most of his trouble for his pains,' remarked a clear-headed woman as she dumped a bundle of odds and ends into a kitchen range. 'I never have anything for the ashman except at house-cleaning time and on unusual occasions, save the ashes and cinders. I have several reasons for this. One is, that I excessively dislike the smell of kitchen refuse, and never allow it to stand about if I can help it. After my meal is prepared, I gather up everything that is useless and put it on to the coals in the range, then turn on the draughts full. In fifteen minutes, all other things being equal, there will not be a scrap of objectionable material left; everything is reduced to clean ashes. I consider it an actual waste to throw out the refuse into the garbage can.

'It is just so much good fuel to me, and I never think of doing it. I can keep a fire for hours on corncobs, potato-parings, apple-cores, peach-pits and similar stuff, that is ordinarily thrown away. I never allow the yard or area-way to be cumbered up by trash of any sort, dust-sweepings, leaves, dried-up flowers, everything goes into a receptacle, and in due course of time finds its way into the capacious throat of the kitchen range. I find that this sort of thing makes quite a bit of difference in my coal bills, and that, to me, is an item of some importance.

'I am forced to admit, however, that the average servant is no good whatever as a consumer of odds and ends; indeed, it is scarcely safe to expect her to dispose of things in this way. One whom I attempted to teach dumped the remains of Sunday's roast, half a plum pudding and a goodly quantity of stale bread into the fire, and with it destroyed my ambition to teach help to do anything out of the beaten track.'

## HOW WOMEN REST.

How differently men and women indulge themselves in what is called a resting spell. 'I guess I'll sit down and mend these stockings and rest a while,' says the wife; but her husband throws himself upon the easy lounge or sits back in his arm-chair, with hands at rest and feet placed horizontally upon another chair. The result is that his whole body gains full benefit of the half hour he allows himself from work, and the wife only receives that indirect help which comes from change of occupation. A physician would tell her that taking even ten minutes' rest in a horizontal position, as a change from standing or sitting at work, would prove more beneficial to her than any of her makeshifts at resting. Busy women have a habit of keeping on their feet just as long as they can, in spite of back-aches and warning pains. As they grow older they see the folly of permitting such drafts upon their strength, and learn to take things easier, let what will happen. They say, 'I used to think I must do thus and so, but I have grown wiser and learned to slight things.' The first years of housekeeping are truly the hardest, for untried and unfamiliar cares are almost daily thrust upon the mother and homemaker.

COCOANUT CAKE.—Four cups of flour, three of sugar, one cup milk, five eggs, beaten separately, (save the whites of three for icing), one cup of butter, two teaspoonfuls cream of tarter, one teaspoonful soda, one cup shredded cocoanut: Bake in thin pans. The whites of the three eggs, mixed with one-half cup of powdered sugar, and half a cup of cocoanut, flavor to suit, when done spread between and on top of the cake, put in the oven for a few minutes.

## CHRISTMAS RECIPES.

TO CLEAN POULTRY.—First be very careful to singe off all down by holding over a blazing paper, or a little alcohol burning in a saucer. Cut off the feet and ends of the wings, and the neck as far as it is dark. If the fowl is killed at home, be sure that the head is chopped off, and never allow the neck to be wrung, as is often done. It is not only an unmerciful way of killing, but the blood has thus no escape, and settles about all the vital organs. The head should be cut off, and the body hung and bled thoroughly before using. Pick out all the pin-feathers with the blade of a small knife. Turn back the skin of the neck, loosening it with the finger and thumb, and draw out the windpipe and crop, which can be done without making any cut. Now cut a slit in the lower part of the fowl, the best place being close to the thigh. By working the fingers in slowly, keeping them close to the body, the whole intestines can be removed in a mass. Be especially careful not to break the gall-bag, which is near the upper part of the breast-bone, and attached to the liver. If this operation is carefully performed, it will be by no means so disagreeable as it seems. A French cook simply wipes out the inside, considering that much flavor is lost by washing. I prefer to wash in one water, and dry quickly, though in the case of an old fowl, which often has a strong smell, it is better to dissolve a teaspoonful of soda in the first water, which should be warm, and wash again in cold, then wiping dry as possible. Split and wash the gizzard, reserving it for gravy.

DRESSING FOR POULTRY.—One pint of bread or cracker crumbs, into which mix dry one teaspoonful of pepper, one of thyme or summer savory, one even tablespoonful of salt, and, if in season, a little chopped parsley. Melt a piece of butter the size of an egg in one cup of boiling water, and mix with the crumbs, adding one or two well-beaten eggs. A slice of salt pork chopped fine is often substituted for the butter. For ducks two onions are chopped fine, and added to the above; or a potato dressing is made, as for geese, using six large boiled potatoes, mashed hot, and seasoned with an even tablespoonful of salt, a teaspoonful each of sage and pepper, and two chopped onions. Game is usually roasted unstuffed; but grouse and prairie-chickens may have the same dressing as chickens and turkeys, this being used also for boiled fowls.

ROAST TURKEY.—Prepare by cleaning, as in general directions above, and, when dry, rub the inside with a teaspoonful of salt. Put the gizzard, heart, and liver on the fire in a small saucepan, with one quart of boiling water and one teaspoonful of salt, and boil two hours. Put a little stuffing in the breast, and fold back the skin of the neck, holding it with a stitch or with a small skewer. Put the remainder in the body, and sew it up with darning-cotton. Cross and tie the legs down tight, and run a skewer through the wings to fasten them to the body. Lay it in the roasting-pan, for an eight-pound turkey allow not less than three hours' time, a ten or twelve pound one needing four. Put a pint of boiling water with one teaspoonful of salt in the pan, and add to it as it dries away. Melt a heaping tablespoonful of butter in the water, and baste very often. The secret of a handsomely-browned turkey lies in this frequent basting. Dredge over with flour two or three times, and turn the turkey so that all sides will be reached. When done, take up on a hot platter. Put the baking-pan on the stove, having before this chopped the gizzard and heart fine, and mashed the liver, and put them in the gravy-tureen. Stir a tablespoonful of brown flour into the gravy in the pan, scraping up all the brown, and add slowly the water in which the giblets were boiled, which should be about a pint. Strain on to the chopped giblets, and taste to see if salt enough. The gravy for all roast poultry is made in this way. Serve with cranberry sauce or jelly.

PLUM PUDDING.—Yolks of twelve eggs, and whites of six, beaten separately and well; one pound of best sultana raisins, stoned; one pound of best currants, picked, washed, dried, and rubbed on a towel; one pound of beef suet, chopped and shredded; one pound of flour, sifted; half a pound of white sugar, a quarter of a pound of citron, snipped very fine; half a nutmeg, grated; one teaspoonful of powdered ginger; half a pint of rich, fresh cream; one wineglassful of rose water. Mix the flour with the fruit; stir in the whipped eggs; add the cream, spices, citron, and suet; then the sugar, and rose water; beat well all the time it is being mixed; then tie tight in a pudding-bag well dusted with flour; let it boil for six hours, turning it in the pot from time to time; when done, plunge for a second in cold water to prevent its sticking to the bag. Admirable, and will keep for weeks.

CHRISTMAS CAKE.—One pound each of sugar, butter, citron and currants; two pound of raisins, seeded: one and one-half pounds of flour, two-thirds of a cup of currant jelly, twelve eggs, one teaspoonful soda, the same of salt; a dash each of cayenne pepper and black pepper, and one cupful of molasses. Divide the flour into two parts: into one part put one teaspoonful of cinnamon; one nutmeg, grated; one-fourth teaspoonful of cloves, and two-thirds teaspoonful of allspice. Mix fruit with the other half of flour. Cream the butter and sugar, add the eggs, well beaten; dissolve the soda in warm water, and stir in the molasses. Mix all well together, and put in pans lined with buttered paper. This will make two large loaves. Bake in a moderate oven for two hours. The result is a Christmas cake which will delight the heart of a good housewife and please the palates of those who eat it.

DELICIOUS CHOCOLATE PUDDING.—Boil four ounces sweet chocolate in a quart of milk; when quite dissolved, pour over a pint of bread crumbs and let it stand for an hour or so. Mash the bread well and, if there are any pieces of crust, it may be passed through a sieve until a perfectly smooth mass is obtained. Add four well-beaten eggs, a cupful of butter, two of sugar, a little grated nutmeg, a cup of stoned raisins, and another of blanched almonds. Steam for an hour.

FRUIT PUDDING.—Four ounces of rolled bread crumbs; eight ounces of sifted flour; one teaspoonful of baking-powder; a quarter of a pound of suet; a quarter of a pound of sultana raisins, seeded and chopped; a quarter of a pound of currants, picked, washed, and dredged; two ounces of citron; the juice and grated rind of a lemon; half a pound of treacle; one egg, well beaten; enough milk to bind all together; a pinch of salt, and a teaspoonful of allspice. Mix as usual, pour into two buttered moulds of equal size, and steam or boil each for two hours.

FINDING JESUS IN THE TEMPLE.—*From Painting by Holman Hunt.*

## THE CHILDHOOD OF JESUS.

FROM HENRY VAN DYKE, IN 'HARPER'S MAGAZINE.'

There are some who find it difficult to think that Jesus ever had a real and true childhood. They cannot see how one who appeared before the world with such Divine authority and fulfilled his mission so sublimely could ever have been

'A simple child
That lightly draws its breath.'

But the evangelist Luke, who must surely have thought as reverently and devoutly of Christ's supremacy as any man could think, does not seem to have felt this difficulty; for he says, 'And the child grew, and waxed strong, becoming full of wisdom; and the grace of God was upon him.'

This is a very brief record to cover such an important period of life as that which lies between infancy and the twelfth year; and yet, brief as it is, how clearly it illuminates the vital truth! Growth is the key-word of the passage. Growth is the wonder and the glory of all childhood. Growth was the beautiful secret of the childhood of Jesus.

There does not appear to have been anything sudden or startling in the development of his personality. It went forward gradually and imperceptibly. The evangelist suggests this by the solitary incident which he relates of Christ's early years.

### NAZARETH.

The legends gathered in the apocryphal books are tedious and tawdry inventions; they give us no real help in filling out the outline of Christ's childhood; but the interpretations of art are rich and full of meaning. No part of the gospel history has been more abundantly and beautifully illustrated in art than this single verse of St. Luke, which tells us in a word how quietly the life of Jesus unfolded in the home at Nazareth.

For this sacred instinct of art there is abundant historical justification. I do not suppose that the painters thought of seeking for it; but if they had, they would have found good ground for believing that the child Jesus, living in a devout Hebrew household in the little town of Nazareth, must have enjoyed the four great blessings of childhood:

A pure and peaceful home, ruled by love and piety:

A fresh and simple life, in close contact with nature.

A joyous fellowship with other children.

A patient and reverent education.

The Jewish people have always been distinguished for their loving care of child life, and for the strength of their family feeling.

It was a happy circumstance that this home was in Galilee. For although that northern province was despised by the inhabitants of Jerusalem, as being rude in speech and rustic in manners, life there was far more free and natural than it was in Judea, where the yoke of ceremonialism pressed heavily upon the people, and their spirit seemed to reflect something of the sombreness of the landscape. Galilee was fair and smiling. The vine and the olive flourished there; the rabbis said 'it was easier to rear a forest of olive-trees in Galilee than one child in Judea.' The little town of Nazareth lies in a high valley. 'Fifteen gently rounded hills,' says a modern traveller, 'seem as if they met to form an enclosure for this peaceful basin. They rise round it like the edge of a shell to guard it from intrusion. It is a rich and beautiful field, abounding in gay flowers, in fig-trees, small gardens, hedges of the prickly-pear, and the dense rich grass affords an abundant pasture.' The well of water which tradition points out as the scene of the angel's visit to the Virgin Mary still flows in the open green space at the end of the town, and the women, fairer than the other daughters of Palestine, come thither to draw, and the children in their bright robes play around it. There can be little doubt that the child Jesus found innocent joys beside that fountain and in those verdant pastures. The intimacy with the world out-of-doors shown in his later teaching, his love for birds and flowers, his close observation of natural objects, the fondness with which he turned for rest to the lonely hill-sides and the waters of the lake, all speak of one of those deep and sincere friendships with nature which can only be begun in their lasting perfection by a child.

### HIS EDUCATION.

But we may be sure that the education of the child was not neglected, for on this point the Jewish law was strict. Religion was the chief factor in education, and doubtless it was begun by the mother, who would explain to her son the meaning of the many pious rites and customs which were observed in the household, like the lighting of the Sabbath lamp, and the touching, by every one who passed in or out of the house, of the parchment on the door-post with the Divine Name written on it. The fascinating stories of the Old Testament would be the charms by which she would hold him listening in her arms. She would teach him passages of Scripture to recite from memory. From the same sacred pages he would learn his letters. When he was five or six years old he would be sent to school, to sit on the floor with the other boys around the teacher and receive instruction, the Scriptures remaining his only text-book until he was ten years old. Whether there was a school in Nazareth at the time of Christ we do not know, for the introduction of universal and compulsory education throughout the land did not occur until a later period. But, however that may have been, it is certain that the devotion of such parents as Mary and Joseph would not neglect the duties of instruction; and we may confidently say of Jesus, as St. Paul said of his disciple Timothy, that 'from a child he knew the Holy Scriptures.'

Let us see, then, how these four golden threads of home life, and intercourse with nature, and happy companionship, and holy instruction, have been woven by the artists into their thought of the childhood of Christ.

The works of art which depict the subject are almost innumerable.

### FINDING CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE.

The Finding of Christ in the Temple is the culmination of his childhood. If our reading of the gospel story thus far has been true, we must interpret this incident in harmony with it. We feel therefore that art was astray in its earlier reading of 'Christ among the Doctors.' All the artists, from the time when they first began to treat the subject, which was certainly as early as the date of the mosaics in Santa Maria Maggiore at Rome, placed Jesus in an elevated position, and represented him as instructing the rabbis.

But this idea is hardly true to the gospel narrative. For St. Luke makes us feel that Jesus appeared in the Temple not as a teacher, but as a learner, one who was preparing for his life work by coming into close contact with the religious life of the people whom he was to deliver from the yoke of the law and lead into the true rest of souls.

But questions from a child are often messages from God. And questions from such a child as Jesus must have been like illuminations piercing through the dry and flimsy web of rabbinic subtleties. It was at this that the listeners were astonished, not with the hostile surprise which would be excited by the sight of a boy of twelve teaching his elders, but with a pleasant wonder at the simplicity, the directness the searching intelligence of his inquiries, and the discretion of his replies.

This conception of 'Christ among the Doctors' has been expressed in modern art by two most admirable pictures, significant in the deepest sense of the intense interest which the best minds of this century have taken in the real life of Christ. One of them is Mr. Holman Hunt's brilliant painting of 'The Finding of the Saviour in the Temple.' The other is the picture by Professor Heinrich Hofmann at Dresden.

### THE TRUE HOME.

There is surely a vital truth for our own lives to be gathered from this interpretation of the childhood of Jesus. It gives us a deeper sense of the sacredness and the power of the home.

The perfect manhood of him whom all Christendom adores as the Son of God was matured and moulded in the tender shelter of the home. It was there that he felt the influences of truth and grace. To that source we may trace some of the noblest qualities of his human character. And yet, if there is anything which Christendom appears to be in danger of losing, it is the possibility of such a home as that in which Jesus grew to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.

Is it not true?

'The world is too much with us, late and soon;
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.'

The false and cruel conditions of industrial competition, and the morbid overgrowth of great cities, where human lives are crowded together to the point of physical and moral suffocation, have raised an enormous barrier between great masses of mankind and the home which their natural instincts desire and seek. The favored classes, on the other hand, are too much alienated by false standards of happiness, by the mania of publicity, by the insane rivalries of wealth, to keep their reverence for the pure and lowly ideals of domestic life. A new aristocracy is formed which lives in mammoth hotels, and a new democracy which exists in gigantic tenements. Public amusements increase in splendor and frequency, but private joys grow rare and difficult, and even the capacity for them seems to be withering, at least in the two extremes of human society where the home wears a vanishing aspect.

And yet—so runs my simple and grateful creed—this appearance is only transient and superficial. Deep in the heart of humanity lies the domestic passion, which will survive the mistakes of a civilization not yet fully enlightened, and prove the truth of the saying, 'Before the fall, Paradise was man's home; since the fall, home has been his Paradise.'

---

For the Messenger.

## OUR FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

Yes, our teachers and our parents call it 'anniversary.'
But like a birthday party it really seems to be!
Our Sunday-school is one year old—we come in merry meeting
To celebrate its happy growth, in song and social greeting;
Then, welcome friends, to share with us, this innocent delight;
So many beaming faces, sure bespeaks a joyful night!
We know that you will *also join* in this, the children's prayer—
That He who keeps the sparrows o'er within His watchful care,
May bless the faithful teachers here, who, by the Bible rule,
Of 'Suffer little ones to come,' first laid our Sabbath-school.
They seek no praise of men, but labor in their Master's name;
May His 'well done' be theirs, at last—an all-sufficient fame.
No risk investing in His work—the bonds are all secure,
The drafts are honored without fail, and every promise sure.
So, blessing on our Sunday-school! 'Tis one more service-band
'Mid myriads now flourishing throughout each waken'd land!
'Tis one more bud, expanding towards the Sun's life-giving search—
With God's own smile upon it, may it bloom into His church!
'Tis one more link of love, that helps to loop the circling chain,
Engirdling earth for Jesus, ere He shall come to reign!
'Tis one more banner to the breeze, all mottoed for the fight—
Where'er it waves, behold the leagues of Evil put to flight!
'Tis one more gathering, to the call of, 'Love ye one another,'
From Christ, who gives the royal right to claim Him, 'Elder Brother,'
And a group, with Him, in heaven, may our Sabbath-school yet be!
None missing, old or young, at that grand Anniversary!

GRANT MACINTYRE.

---

## POSSESSING ALL THINGS.

'Depths of lowliness! Heights of holiness!
More, oh, more, of each heavenly thing!
Oh, how to gain them? how to retain them?'
'They are all thine own in Christ thy King.'

R. BALL RUTTER.

MARGERY AND THE TWINS AT THE CHRISTMAS INN.

## THE CHRISTMAS INN.

BY ELLA F. MOSBY.

Long ago, in one of England's old shires there was a famous hostelry known as the 'Saracen's Head,' and on the creaking sign-board was painted a fearful paynim with gleaming white teeth and frowning eye-brows. But one day it became the 'Christmas Inn,' with the genial device of a sprig of holly, promising good cheer and a jolly welcome. To tell the reason of the inn's change of name will be to give a page out of the obscure chronicles of the common lives of men, women, and children more than three centuries ago. But the quaint, sweet incident is well worth calling to mind at the blessed Christmas season.

It is found briefly set down between items of household expenses, and statements of journeys to London and back, and records of deaths in battle, and costs of trials for treason, in the household books of the worshipful families of the Hightowers and the Barnstaples in the years from 1461 to 1483. It comes like a little flute's silvery tone, between the blare of trumpets and the clash and clang of swords in those rough days, and is so briefly told that I shall have to piece it out for you in my own way.

It was Christmas Eve in 1465, and snow had fallen thick and fast, covering from sight the charred and blackened gable-ends of many a ruined or desolate house. There had been hard fighting in old England, 'Merry' no longer when class fought against class, section against section, people against nobles, east against west, and when friend and kinsman were at deadly feud; when the white rose of York and the red rose of Lancaster were in conflict for the English throne. But, for the sacred Christmas season, a truce had been agreed upon, and for thirty days there would be no blow struck.

The Saracen's Head looked fierce and grim in the wild wind and drifting snow; but mine host of the inn, Thomas Curdy, came to the door and gazed up and down the highroad with a broad, red, jolly face of hospitality and welcome. It was so wild a storm that he was about to shut and bar the great door earlier than was usual; but he would fain catch some sign of approaching travellers, man and beast, before doing so.

'No traveller abroad to-night!' quoth he with a sigh of regret, as he went back within the red glowing circle of warmth thrown out by the huge Yule logs of the blazing fire, and rubbed his stout hands before its leaping flames.

'Marry, then this blessed eve there will be no drinking nor brawling here, nor quarrelling in men's cups till they come to blows, truce or no truce!' answered Dame Curdy, contentedly, her rosy, motherly face and fat figure seeming to shed in its way as much comfort around her as did the fire.

A jolly pair they were, and to see how the flames made them ruddier and jollier and cheerier every moment, was a sight for Christmas eve. The Hightowers and Barnstaples chronicles have little to say of this honest pair, but nevertheless they are quite as worthy our attention as any Lancastrian Hightowers or Yorkist Barnstaples of them all.

'Travel, good dame, travel up and down the highroad brings good luck to the Sarcen's Head, and it's a bad night that stops it!'

'Ay, I wot—travel in peace. But no bands of fighting-men, to give the honest house a hard name,—and no reckonings paid either. But in this storm, I warrant none will stir abroad that can bide at home —not even your thirsty cronies from the village, Hobbs and Giles.'

'An' if a storm stops them,'—but here a loud, shrill blast from a trumpet sounded keen and clear across the wild wind.

Mine host started up, alert and ready, and Dame Curdy wrung her hands in dismay.

'More fighting-men, alack! I hear the ringing of their armor now as they ride through the gate. May the saints keep watch and ward over us poor sinners, for that is none other than Sir John Keightley's call! They are all the Earl's men.'

The good landlady loved peace, and hated war, and her kindly heart dreaded the turbulent scenes that old kitchen had often witnessed; but her lamentations were to no purpose, as she well knew. Of all people they dared not offend the redoubtable Earl of Hightowers, or any of his stout men-at-arms.

In a few seconds, the inn was full of bustle and confusion. Hostlers ran, maids hurried here and there; and, while the dame gave shrill orders in the kitchen, Thomas Curdy shouted a welcome through the fierce blasts of wind that drove the whirling snow through the wide-open doors.

Across the threshold—with wind and snow-flakes—entered the late comers; Sir John Keightley, a weather-beaten, rugged, and scarred old veteran of many a hard-fought fight, and at least nine or ten stout men with him, roughly dressed, and armed with the long-bow, as were most of the common soldiers at that time. But as they came out of the night and the storm into the circle of light around the great hearth, Thomas Curdy saw that this was no ordinary band of fighting-men. There were women—three of them, and one who carried herself so haughtily that mine host, who was used to the ways of great people, shrewdly suspected that she was no more than some great lady's attendant; for he had always noticed that the great lady herself was likely to be more simple and quiet in her ways than the maid.

And Sir John Keightley carried in his arms a bundle which he would let no one touch, but strode ahead in front of the great fire, and kneeling down, began tenderly to unfasten wrap after wrap. What a hush of amazement at first, and then what exclamations of wonder and delight from Dame Curdy and her women when the last wrapping was thrown off, and out stepped the daintiest little girl ever seen! She was but two years and six months old; and she laughed out merrily like the ripple of water, or the singing of the early winds in spring through the young leaves. And looking up at the big knight, with tiny hands she began to brush the snow-flakes from the grizzled hair and beard of the old soldier.

'Who is this dear heart?' cried Dame Curdy; and a clear little flute-like voice answered in the softest of tones:

'I'm Lady Margery' (or 'Marg'y,' as she pronounced it)—'Rosamond Vere.'

Her hair was of reddish gold of the finest silken texture. It was cut square across her brow in front, and hung over her lace frill behind. Her eyes were of a velvety black-blue color, and had a look of wistful tenderness that was contradicted by the laughing, mischievous mouth and the dimples that lurked in cheek and chin. That look must have come from the young mother who died not long after the husband, only son of the Earl of Hightowers, was cut down in a skirmish with the Yorkists at Stapleton-on-the-moor. The baby girl had her mother's eyes and her father's chin, but the likeness that delighted the portly landlady and made her smile cheerily, and rub her fat hands, was to little Margery's stately old grandmother, the countess, with her tall head-dress. For just at that time the fashionable gentlemen wore puffed and slashed doublets, and shoes ridiculously broad like hoofs; and fashionable ladies, like the countess, were adorned with headdresses ornamented by projecting horns, and looked very grand, no doubt.

'Pretty lamb, how she favors the Countess herself with that proud turn of her sweet head!'

Dame Curdy was right. This baby in her little rose-colored camlet gown, with the gold of her precious head for a crown, ordered her retainers about—Sir John most of all—more royally than the Earl dared to do. But it was, after all, a right heavenly rule of love, albeit a wilful one.

She would have none of her nurse when, after a dainty grace, she had eaten her supper of cream and fine white wheat bread; but she ran away, laughing so that she tripped and almost fell, past the men-at-arms to stout old Sir John Keightley, and climbed on his knee in triumph—for she was sure of having her own way there.

Sir John had been sent by the Earl to bring home his little granddaughter, too young to grieve over her double loss, and had fallen in love with the little maid from the first sound of her childish voice.

She prattled away merrily now, her silvery, piping tones sounding curiously sweet among the gruff voices of the rough soldiers. The men were watching with keen appetites the stirring of the savory dishes, as the landlady hung over the fire, every now and then glancing at the pretty child on the knight's knee.

'Hark! hark!' cried Margery, suddenly, making with her baby finger an imperative gesture for silence. 'Marg'y hears the big horn coming!' and laughing out with delight, she doubled up her rosy fists and began to blow in pretty mimicry, her eyes shining like stars in her excitement. Then quickly changing, she clapped her tiny palms together, crying, 'Kling-klang, kling-klang!'

They all heard now what the finer ear of the child had sooner detected—the trumpet-call coming nearer and nearer, and the clang of arms.

'Who think you that these may be, landlord?' asked Sir John, anxiously glancing at the golden head against his breast.

'I fear it is Sir Joseph Barnstaple's men,' answered mine host deprecatingly, for the Barnstaples were Yorkists, and long at enmity with the Hightowers faction; and again the good dame sighed and wrung her hands in dismay.

Fearing some possible attack, in spite of the solemn proclamation of the truce, Sir John made his men resume their weapons while the big door was being unbarred.

Then what a sight! No such wonderful night had the old Saracen's Head ever known before. Here, again, with the soldiers were nurses—two nurses in russet kersey gowns, carrying each a small bundle; and out of these bundles, when unwrapped, appeared two babies, twin girls of eighteen months old! Sir Joseph Barnstaple's second son had married in one of the southern shires a rich heiress, who had died of a fever, and now, the granddame being dead also, the father was sending them, like the wee lady with Sir John, under military convoy back to his old home at Barnstaples Manor.

The women clapped their hands, and laughed with 'Ohs!' and 'Ahs!' and 'Dear hearts!'—even the soldiers laughed—but nobody was so pleased as the little 'Lady Marg'y,' as she gazed, with wide-open eyes and crimson lips just parted by a smile and showing a few white pearls of teeth, at the demure twin babies.

Barbara and Janet Barnstaples, as the firelight danced over their little, smooth, round heads, darker than Margery's, could not be coaxed into a smile. Their four dark grave eyes wondered solemnly at all the noise and all the strange faces, and the two little mouths were drawn up for a cry, when all at once they caught sight of Margery, bending forward, and two faint

little dimples showed for a moment one on each right cheek. At least Barbara smiled first, and then Janet followed suit.

The snow came down thick and fast that night, but old Sir John, wont to dream of bugles sounding alarm, and of ambuscade and skirmish, dreamed of a long-forgotten meadow above the weir, where the blue speedwell grew and bloomed until the ground was all of a delicious blue like the angelic robes in the old chapel windows; and waking next morning, cast about in his mind as to whether this might not betoken death; for had he not heard all his life that

Flowers out of season
meant
Trouble out of reason!

It would seem very funny, nowadays, for an experienced and brave old gentleman to worry about dreams and signs, but people were not very wise about such things in the fifteenth century.

The same night, the old nurse was awakened by a light foot-fall in the room, and, peeping out from the bed-clothes, saw a flitting white figure cross the dusky space that was but dimly lighted by the gleams from the dying embers.

She put her hand out for her nursling. The little nest in the bed was warm, but empty. Up she started in alarm, and saw—a sight for Fairyland! For little Margery, hearing one of the twin babies cry in her sleep, and her nurse not waking, had stolen out of bed and was busy tucking her in and cooing to her like a little wood-dove. The old nurse called her softly, and the little bare feet pattered across the floor to the bed, to be caught up and cuddled to sleep again.

The next morning Margery would not eat until the twins had been put one on each side of her at the table; and then she would feed them, giving now Barbara a bit of the wheaten loaf, and now Janet a spoonful of cream. And if she ever gave to Janet first, Janet would shake her small head, as brown and glossy as a nut, and point with her wee finger to Barbara. The whole party were in high glee, until Margery noticed with displeasure that too many were looking on. For the very hostlers, and the scullions had stolen to the doors to peep at the strange sight of three babies among all those soldiers who now seemed to be quite friendly together, and wonderfully quiet in their innocent presence.

Margery turned her head quickly to Sir John, and asked, with an air that delighted the landlady, 'Are dose folks all so hungry?'

There was such a shout of applause that the intruders fled abashed, and the little lady gravely returned to her breakfast.

Very soon the two convoys went on their separate roads, and whether the little lady of Hightowers and the twin heiresses of Barnstaples ever met again, and were friends or foes, our chronicle does not say. But the coming of the three babies to the Saracen's Head on Christmas eve was not soon forgotten, and in memory of the day of good-will that grim old Moslem was hauled down from his creaking sign-post, and in his place swung gaily to and fro a freshly painted holly branch with the words CHRISTMAS INN beneath it.

## MARY'S PERSIAN GUEST.

'Don't you think we can invite the Persian to stay here, father,' said Mary.

'I don't know. Why do you want him?' replied her father. 'It will make more trouble for you if we do.'

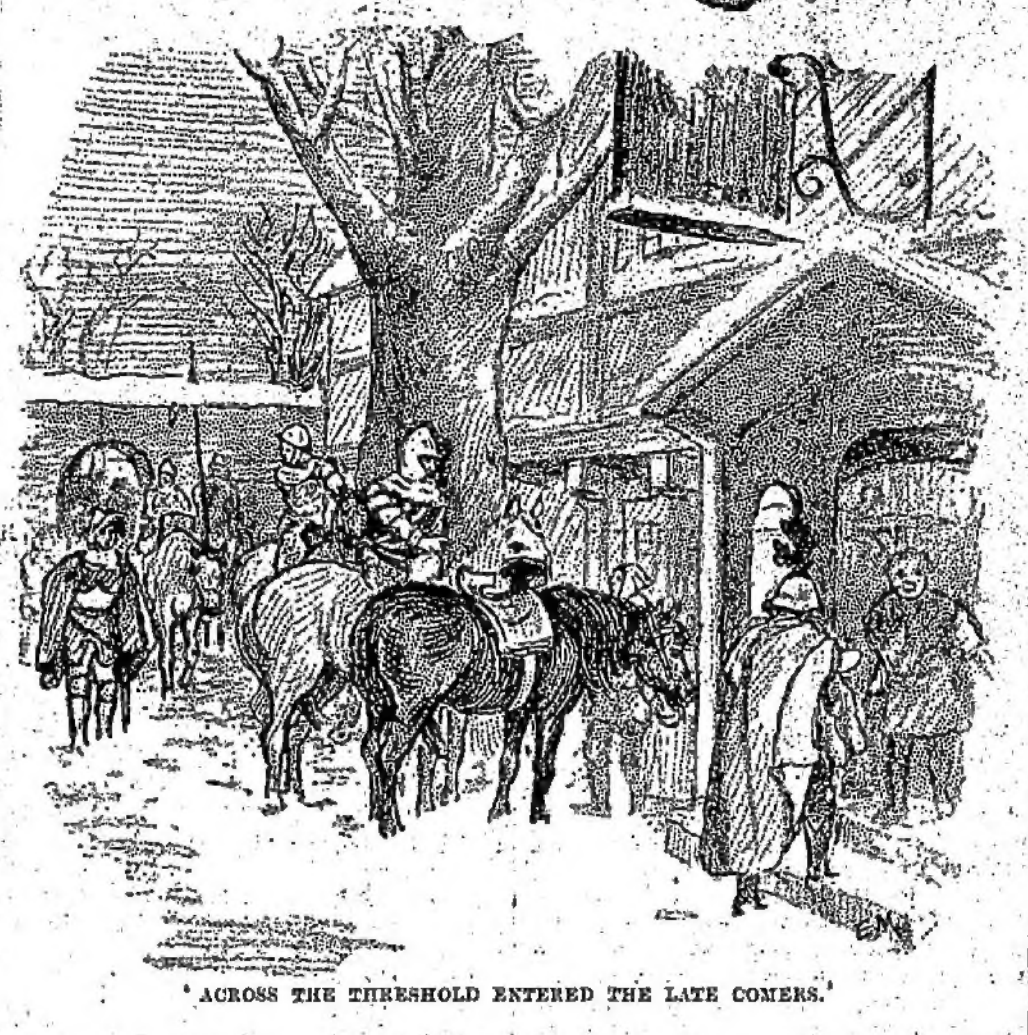
'Yes, I know that, but it is a kind of missionary work, you see. He is a theological student, and these lectures he gives during vacations are to help him with his education. If we were to entertain him, it would save his hotel bill.'

'Very well, daughter, have him if you want to.' So the matter was settled.

On the evening of his coming, Mary made her tea table as pretty as her dainty china and linen could make it, with a bunch of sweet peas gracing the centre. Her father went to the station to meet her foreign guest, and she eagerly awaited his coming, wondering what he would be like. She was somewhat disappointed to see a young man much like an American, only with, perhaps, a trifle darker complexion, dressed in garments made by an American tailor. His language was a little peculiar, but easy enough to understand, and his lecture in the evening was both interesting and instructive. After their return, they sat down on the porch, and he asked Mary if there was any thing she would like to know about his country and people that he did not tell in the lecture.

'I shall be glad,' she said, 'if you will tell me all about your women in Persia.'

He smiled, and said: 'That would take longer than you would like to listen to-night; but if you highly-favored American women could only know what Christianity has done for you, you would want to do more for my countrywomen. I will tell you a few things to show you the difference. At the age of six a girl is compelled to put on a veil. If she rebels, her mother takes a stick and beats her until she is willing to submit. After that she is taught to sew and cook. The women make all their own clothes, as well as the clothing for the men. If she is not married at the age of sixteen, she is considered an old maid; and that is something almost unknown there. Our courtships are carried on very differently from what they are in this country. A man, or you would call him a boy (they are married before they are twenty), never sees his wife before they are married. If a young man wants to marry, and he hears of a girl who is pretty



'ACROSS THE THRESHOLD ENTERED THE LATE COMERS.'

and likely to suit him, he goes to the girl's mother and tells her that he would like to marry her daughter. The mother says, "I can't tell you till I ask the father; you must wait a week." He returns in a week. In the meantime the father has, perhaps, given his consent, but the mother tells the young man that she must see what all the relations say, and he must come again. The next time he comes he is told that the relations know nothing against him, but she has said nothing to the girl yet, and she sends him away again. Last of all, the girl is told that she must marry this man. If she objects, the mother takes a stick and beats her; if she is obstinate about it the mother waits until the next day, and repeats the beating until the girl consents. After that the preparations for the wedding begin, as engagements only last a few weeks. The young man's father buys all the bride's clothes and pays all the expenses of the wedding, which sometimes lasts two weeks. The ceremony is three hours long. At the end of the festivities, the man takes his wife to his father's house, where she is not allowed to speak to any one except her husband, and is expected to do all the housework. If she does not know how, it is the mother-in-law that does the beating then. She does not have any of the conveniences for cooking that you have, not even a cooking stove. There is a hole in the floor, where the fire is made, and of course, the room is full of smoke, as there are no chimneys. The men are always served at their meals first, a cloth being spread on the floor, and the food placed on it. If there is any thing left, the women get it, but they must eat with their veils on. If a woman is seen looking at a man without having her face covered, her husband beats her. In everything a man is considered superior to a woman. We Persian men know nothing at all about the courtesies which I have noticed that every American man shows to a woman. If we want any thing, the women must get it; if they want any thing, they must get it themselves. A man never thinks of speaking to a woman outside of his own home, not even his own wife or mother.'

'You must often have thought American women very bold, when you first came to our country,' said Mary.

'Yes,' he replied, 'and I do yet sometimes. I can't get accustomed to their being considered equal to men. Perhaps, it is because I know nothing about the social life here, for, since I have been in America, I have had to work hard, and have had no opportunity of seeing women in their own homes. For the first time, here in your home, I have seen something of the sweetness of a Christian home, and it makes me sad to think that my sisters and friends at home know nothing of Christ, who has given you all this. Take your Bible, your Church, and your Christian friends out of your life as they are out of my countrywomen's, and what would you have left? O, why don't you women, that call yourselves followers of Him who commanded you to preach the Gospel to all nations, do more to obey your Master?'

The next morning, when the Persian said 'good-by' to Mary, and thanked her for her hospitality, she thanked him for having given her a better knowledge of the condition and needs of women in Persia. —*Agnes J. Beard, in Presbyterian Observer.*

## THE POWER OF EXAMPLE.

A well-known Christian merchant of this city, not long ago had an urgent telegram calling him to see an old friend residing in a suburban town. When he arrived at the house of his friend, he found the latter very ill and only expected to live for a few hours. This friend asked to see him alone, and when by themselves, said: 'My doctor tells me that I can live at the most but twenty-four hours. I wanted once more to see you, and to say to you something that I have never told you.' In early life, as young men, they had met in this city, in business relations, and it was at that period that the close bond of personal friendship was formed. They went much together in society, and had great happiness in each other. The one who was about to pass away had in their young manhood a cousin, a beautiful young lady, in this city, in whose society both these friends passed much time. On one occasion she gave an elegant party, at which both were in attendance. During the evening when refreshments were served she came to the friend of her cousin and asked him to drink with her a glass of wine. Very fond of her, the young man was sorely perplexed, but finally declined, saying: 'I will do anything for you that I properly can, but I cannot drink the glass of wine.' Turning from him with somewhat of an air of displeasure, she said: 'Well, I will go to ——' (her cousin), 'he will drink it with me.' She crossed the room to her cousin, extended the invitation to him with the air of confident expectation, but he also declined, greatly to her astonishment and not a little to her chagrin.

In this last interview, many years after the party in question, one thing which passed between these two old friends was the statement of the one who was about to die, which he wished to make as something of a confession, to the effect that he was at that time an observer across the room of what transpired with his cousin, and though he had never before thought of abstaining from intoxicating beverages, to the social use of which he had always been accustomed, influenced by the example of his friend in declining, he also determined to decline. He wished now to make acknowledgment of his gratitude for this eventful incident in his life, which he had no doubt had saved him from excesses and ruin which, in his case, would almost certainly have followed the continuance of the drink habit.

In this incident may be seen a practical illustration of the power of right example. Its influence is sometimes more potent and far reaching than words of counsel alone, however good they may be. May every one, young and old, realize in the light of this dying statement of one friend to another, the great value and importance of the abstainer's example to others.—*National Temperance Advocate.*

## TWO LITTLE T'S.

Poor little Teddy! On Christmas Day
They gave him a cap and muffler gay,
A box of tools, with skates and sled,
And high-topped boots whose tops were red,
But what was that! 'twas nothing at all
When he wanted a great big rubber ball
Poor little Teddy!

He wanted pie for dinner one day.
They were going to have it he heard 'em say'
But pudding with plums is what he had,
O poor little Ted! now wasn't it sad!
His red lips grew to a terrible pout,
He didn't want that so he went without.
Poor little Teddy!

He wanted to try his bran new sled.
One day after school, O poor little Ted!
But his mother sent him off to the store—
This poor little boy! and his grief was sore;
O how he hated to mind his mother:
To help her, and play with his little brother.
O poor little Ted!

Rich little Tommy! On Christmas day
Only one present came in his way.
A pair of mittens his mother had knit,
A fiery-scarlet, and just the fit!
Weren't they nice? he asked his brother;
And hadn't he got the dearest mother?
*O rich little Tommy!*

Sometimes he didn't have dinner enough;
And you may think that he called it rough
But he didn't, not he—this rich little boy.
Sometimes he had plenty, and that was joy
And he loved to help his tired mother.
He loved to play with his little brother.
*O rich little Tom!*

In summer or winter, fall or spring.
He was just as happy as any king.
In winter 'tis true, he had no sled,
But he slid down hill on a board instead,
When the snow was hard and glazed with ice
He could steer it 'lovely'—t'was' just as nice.
Rich little Tommy!

Tommy and Teddy will both be men,
Will there be a difference between them then?
Ah, yes! there must be, my little lad,
One will be happy and one will be sad.
Look over these lines, eyes black and blue,
And see which one is the most like you.
*Of these two little T's.*

—*Our Little Men and Women.*

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

## TINY JIM'S WONDERFUL CHRISTMAS.

BY A. B. DOBBS.

He was so very small for his age that the other boys who lived in the same dreary court had put the profix to his name, and now wherever he was known, it was as 'Tiny Jim.'

He was lame, too, no one knew exactly how or why, if indeed anybody thought about it.

You see, his mother had died when he was only three years old, and his father's grief had been so terrible that, forgetful of his old mother, whose heart was wrapped up in him, her only child, and forgetful of the frail little son, who looked so like his dead wife, he had fled the old home and gone to sea, whence the tidings of his death four Christmases ago had found their way to the dismal attic where the old woman and the little boy dragged out a forlorn existence.

So it was that, as Jim said himself, he had 'no nobody' belonging to him except the wretched old grandmother, whom want and misery had driven to the fatal glass and with whose neglect he was content because it so rarely gave way to anything better.

To-night, however, I doubt if a happier heart beat in all Dublin than that of Tiny Jim. It was Christmas Eve, and this was the very first Christmas he had ever known anything about. There was only one little bit of a drawback to his perfect gladness. I'll tell you what it was. On the previous Sunday the superintendent of the Ragged Mission had given an invitation to every boy and girl present to a feast and Christmas tree at the Hall on Christmas day; and in addition each child had received permission to bring one or even two friends with them to share the glorious feast. Herein lay the cause of Tiny Jim's anxiety.

'Plase, yer honor,' he had called out, 'I haven't got nobody to bring. I haven't got no frien's, yer honor, 'cause I can't play.' And he glanced significantly at the crude little crutches that lay beside him.

The superintendent's voice was not quite steady as he replied, 'Don't you worry, Tiny Jim, but just ask the dear God to send you a Christmas guest, and He will.'

So Jim had smiled his quaint little old-fashioned smile and been satisfied.

But here was Christmas Eve, and the guest had not come. But then he had a nice thought. 'It ain't so mighty late,' he said to himself. 'I've a good mind to step out an' see if there's any thrace of the Star o' Bethlehem. I wouldn't be wan bit surprised if God lighted it agin jes' to show me where to look for me Christmas frien'.'

So down he hobbled into the dreary street. At first he could see nothing but wind-driven clouds rushing across the sky, but as he stopped further out into the court he almost shouted aloud, for there, sure enough, was one big, beautiful star, which as the lighter clouds floated across it looked just as if it were really moving, as did that long-ago star for the wise men. He looked at it long and earnestly, making mental calculations as to its position, then, with a deep breath, he returned to the doorstep.

'Jes' as shure as yo live,' said he to himself, 'it's sthraight as a dig over our own house.'

He dragged himself wearily upstairs again, and then because the attic was cold and there was nothing else to do, he crept into the little box of rag-covered straw that constituted his bed, and, wondered, and wondered who his guest could be. Once the startled thought came to him, 'Could Granny be his Christmas guest?' But he put the suggestion away from him at once. 'God could niver, he' mean't her,' he said to himself; 'it 'ud spile all if Granny came.' Yet down in his heart of hearts Tiny Jim knew that it was poor, hungry, miserable Granny and no other whom God meant him to invite to the Christmas feast at the mission, for had not the Star of Bethlehem stood right over their attic?

It was not a pleasant thought to have come to him, and he turned from it, and because he could not sleep for the throbbing of his knee, he passed the time in going over all the beautiful things that he had to look forward to. The party on the morrow was first, of course. Then he considered what a comfort it was that Granny had not come in 'angry drunk' to-night, so there was no danger of her hiding his crutches, as she had done more than once when frenzied with drink. This evening she had scarcely spoken, and after their meagre supper had thrown herself upon her poor, hard bed in the corner, where she had lain ever since, with her face to the wall; fast asleep, Jim supposed.

So he counted up all the nice things he could think of upon his cold little fingers and toes. By that time it was close upon midnight, and he was just beginning to think that after all his leg was aching a little worse than usual when the great city clocks slowly struck twelve, and the bells of the old cathedral near by began to play the most exquisite chimes he had ever heard from them before.

They played, 'It came upon a midnight clear,' and many other Christmas songs, but last and loveliest of all they dropped into a slow, sweet melody that Tiny Jim had never heard before. He listened entranced. The bells were singing to him, just to him, and to nobody else in all the crowded city. He did not know that that short exquisite strain which they played over and over so often, now loud, now soft, was one of the deepest inspirations of Mendelssohn's transcendent 'Elijah,' he only knew that by adding a little note here and omitting one there he could make it fit most of his best-loved hymns, and he sang them over, one after another, to the rich accompaniment of the chimes.

Once he fancied he heard a sob from the corner where Granny lay. It was when he sang:

'Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.'

He loved the sailors for his dimly-remembered father's sake, and the night being stormy, and hearing the roar of the channel waters, mingled with the wind, he had sung the verse over no less than three times. But when he stopped to listen, he thought himself mistaken, for Granny lay with her back to him, as she had lain all night, apparently asleep. How forlorn she looked, the fitful moonbeams playing over her, so old and wretched and hopeless. Tiny Jim's tender heart gave a thump. 'She haven't a sowl to care for her but me,' he thought, 'an'—an'—I can't—not much, anyway.' He sighed heavily, and the bells stopped playing and talked to him instead. These were the words they said:

'If—you—can—not—love—her,
For—her—you—can—pray,
That—God,—for—the—dear—Christ's—sake,
May—wash—her—sins—away.'

Again his heart gave a throb, and with a stifled sob he threw himself upon his pillow. 'It think that in all these months that he had known God he had never said one word to Him about Granny, poor Granny, who not only had no one to love her, but no one to pray for her. What if she had died?

'Oh, dear God,' he cried, 'don't let her die before you've forgiven her. Make her sorry now, God, an' wash her sowl whiter than snow, an' make her a good girl, for my Jesus' sake. Do it, if ye plaze, dear God. Amen.'

And then, with that strange, half inexplicable tenderness which so often sweeps over our hearts towards those for whom we pray, he slipped out of bed and crossed over to where the aged woman lay.

'Poor Granny,' he whispered, softly touching the sad gray head. Then, as the now love welled up stronger in his heart, 'Dear Granny,' he said, and gently stroked the withered hand that lay nearest to him.

Granny did not stir.

'Dear Granny,' he said again, 'you shall come wid me to the Christmas party, an' be me Christmas frien', so ye shall; an' I'll ax God to fix it so the boys won't laugh,' and he leant over and kissed the wrinkled brow.

Somewhat to his consternation, Granny opened her eyes and turned them full upon him. He shrank back, but there was a look upon Granny's face he had never seen there before. She threw aside a corner of the faced coverlet. 'Be yez cowld, Jim, honey?' she said.

Tiny Jim's heart swelled almost to bursting. Could it be that God was making Granny a good girl already?

'Yis, Granny, I 'bees mighty cowld,' he answered tremblingly.

'Creep into me arums thin acushla, an' I'll thry to warum yez, though I bees none too warum meself.'

That was all, but Tiny Jim crept in, and Granny's arms closed about him. The warmth began to steal through his chilled little frame, the throbbing of his knee ceased, his Star of Bethlehem shone down upon him through the dusty skylight, the bells grew softer and softer, and Tiny Jim was sleeping the sweetest sleep he had known since he lay, a baby, upon his mother's breast.

But Granny lay awake far into the Christmas morning, sometimes moaning, sometimes uttering strange, broken words, as of a half-forgotten prayer. At length she, too, slept, and there was joy in the presence of the angels of God on that beautiful birthday of the King.

Tiny Jim was the first to awake. Granny's arms were yet about him, so he had not dreamed it, and Granny's face, lying near his own, was amazingly sweet and peaceful.

But listen now, Tiny Jim, whose is that heavy tread upon the creaking stair? One flight, two flights, three flights, surely not four flights—why, it must be somebody coming to see them. The child springs out of bed, wildly excited. Granny opens her eyes, suddenly wide awake. She, too, hears the step, and starts to her feet, trembling in every limb. Too often had she listened for that same tread in the happy dead past to mistake it now, after six years of silence. Was she turning to stone? She could neither move to open the door nor speak to bid the visitor enter.

He did not wait, however, for his own heart beat almost as wildly as the hearts within. A moment's pause on the threshhold, and then the old door fell back upon its hinges and there stood a great bronzed sailor. Such a big sailor, and such a beautiful sailor, Tiny Jim thought, and had no time to think any more, for in a moment he and Granny were clasped in one comprehensive embrace to the broad breast of their Christmas caller.

* * * * * *

The story that Tiny Jim's father told was too long to tell here, and after all, the main point which concerns us is the fact that he wasn't drowned after all, but had returned from the dangers of the deep, a changed man.

'Last night,' he concluded, 'there was a powerful say on the channel; we was most afeared we'd niver make the shore, and I so near to yez, too; but quare enough, hard afther midnight, the win' dthropped that suddent as I niver seen it dthrop afore, an' we slipped into harbor like an arrow from a bow.'

'Shure, an' father, honey,' said Tiny Jim, with a gay little smile, 'that waz whin I was a singin' of—

'"Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea."'

And then, because the sailor's heart was too full for utterance, he fell upon his knees. Granny knelt beside him, and Tiny Jim, with his arms about his father's neck, just whispered above his breath, 'Dear, beautiful God, there's no use thryin' to thank you enough. I love you, I love you, I love you.' And God was content.

* * * * * *

Little fear that the boys at the mission feast would laugh at Granny or at Tiny Jim that day. For Jim was carried through the hall by a great, strong sailor, who, at sight of the little crutches, had dashed his hand across his eyes, set them out of sight, and lifted the child to, oh, such a snug and easy resting-place in his powerful arms; and Granny walked beside them, steady and sweet and glad. What a beautiful, perfect time it was. And when Tiny Jim, wearied with the weight of his joys, had fallen asleep upon his father's breast, the big sailor stepped up to the superintendent of the mission and thrusting into his hand a big bunch of crumpled paper money, 'Use it, yer honor,' said he, 'for any little chaps as has been deserted by their father, an' specially, yer honor, if there should happen to be a lame wan among 'em.'

And the superintendent's eyes glistened as he grasped the great brown hand and answered, 'I surely will.'

So the dusk of the Christmas night fell upon God's fair world, and when the sailor had laid his weary, droway little son to rest for the last time in his rude cot in the attic corner, Tiny Jim had murmured sleepily, 'Dear Grd, I love you, I love you, I love you.'—*Episcopal Recorder.*

## MY LAST CHRISTMAS IN THE BUSH.

BY HENRY M. STANLEY.

My Christmases have been rarely happy. I find on looking back that, as though I had been pledged to a peculiarly ascetic life, I have been obliged to spend fifteen Christmas days in the wilds of Africa. Others have been spent at sea, some in America, Turkey, Crete, Spain, Jerusalem, all under very different conditions to those which I have experienced in Britain. Most of these days have found me in the midst of some adventure far removed from the pudding and other delicacies of the season which form the theme and delight of British youth, taking troublous thought for the inexorable morrow, brooding over some late calamity, fretting over a comrade's loss, or extracting a modicum of comfort or hopefulness even in the midst of general discontent.

I find in my diary, on December 25th, 1888, notes which will describe to you how we spent our last Christmas in the 'bush.'

The day before we had arrived at the site of a pigmy village, an open circular space, about five hundred feet in diameter, in the midst of the woods. A few of the pigmy huts still stood, though in an uninhabitable condition. We decided to halt over Christmas for many sufficient reasons. Thus Christmas Eve saw us encamped on ground over which generations of pigmies had gambolled. It suited us admirably enough. As there was no clearing to be done, our men's huts were soon ranged round the big circle. In the centre were raised the headquarter tents. We called it 'Cross Roads Camp,' because in the centre of the circle four paths met. One path would take us after a march of forty miles to the green plains near the Albert Nyanza. That which went in an opposite direction, or westerly, would take us to the Congo River, 600 miles away; and by that which led northward we might reach the pastoral grounds of the Makkaraka, 250 miles distant; while by the southerly road, after marching 750 miles, we might emerge from the twilight of the Great Forest, in view of the elephant grasses of the Luama Valley.

When we reached Cross Roads Camp, almost every man in the column thanked God, after his own fashion, that we had only forty miles more to travel before we should see the sheen of the young grass in Mazamboni's land.

Christmas morn in the bush! No, not bush, but forest—if ever eternal tropic woods deserved the name. To us in England, bush suggests a thicket or a shrubbery; but this now under consideration extends over 400,000 square miles, to the extent of two German empires. It took us 160 days to travel through it, burrowing through amazing growths of underwood, and tunneling under a sea of parasites, and overhead through all this period we saw nothing but the overlaping, leaf-laden arms of the great forest trees, which were of infinite variety of species, and whose height could only be conjectured.

Cross Roads Camp was under the leafy coping of a portion of this forest. The underwood being cleared by the pigmies, it seemed like a huge cavern carved out of solid vegetation. Not even a ray of sunshine could penetrate from above. The ground was damp, as it always is under the dense shade. The atmosphere was mephitic; the rank compost of dead vegetable matter, mixed with the dark dust of dead insects, exhaled an odor as from an open grave, and the strange scents from the perpetual distillations from trunk and branch and leaf mingled strangely with it.

What a Christmas was before us! Our men were almost rabid from hunger. Had we remained there, not a soul would have offered us anything to eat, and we should have starved. Only by foraging far and near could any food be obtained. We were strangers to the country, and knew of no community living within any accessible distance from us. The paths leading from our camp were formed by nomadic dwarfs, who, like ourselves, are here to-day and off to-morrow; but from the nature of the forest people, we argued that there must be some tribe within ten, fifteen or twenty miles of us, in some direction. The thing we had to do was to discover its locality, and for this purpose we were obliged to send strong parties by the southern and northern tracks to search for bananas, while the doctor and I should remain to protect the camp and attend to the sick and the feeble.

Therefore, at six o'clock on Christmas Day, the trumpet sounds to muster. Lieutenant Stairs is requested to select fifty-six riflemen to form his foraging party, to go along the south road. A Zanzibari captain, chosen for his courage and good sense, is appointed to conduct a strong party along the northern path. How long they will be absent no one knows. What adventures they will meet is equally unknown. Meantime, we who are left behind in camp must remain in suspense, cherishing a hope that they will succeed in obtaining the means of subsistence so grievously needed.

As the parties march off in opposite directions, those who remain standing at muster are dismissed to their huts, except the dozen pickets who are led away to take their posts of observation around the camp. This is a duty that is never neglected, for every native's hand is against us.

Parke, the doctor, has many duties. The condition of the sick is appalling. Next to my own, his duties are the most onerous. The human system in this dreadful country becomes an easy prey to diseases of the most loathsome kind. We have men in camp suffering from dysentery, ulcers and anæmia, which follow poor nourishment and the privations of travel. We have over eighty prostrated, some of them in such a hopeless condition that they will never leave the spot where they have lain down.

STANLEY'S LAST CHRISTMAS IN AFRICA.

While Parke administers to the necessities of our followers, I take my seat near the baggage, and think. The only things worth thinking about relate to the Expedition. Thoughts about Stairs and his foraging party, and that led by the Zanzibari captain, occupy me; then they drift to Nelson and Bonny, who are bringing up the baggage from Fort Bodo; then they flit to Wadelai, and revolve about Emin and my friend Jephson, and I wonder what has happened to them during our absence from the Albert Nyanza, and why Jephson did not keep his promise and return to Fort Bodo; then they hover over our native friends in Mazamboni's land, and wistfully cling to the abundance of food that awaits our long-tried fellows who may be fortunate enough to survive the journey through the forest; then they fix themselves upon our present surroundings, and my eyes sweep around the camp, at the wall of green underwood, the curious huts and sheds which the men have built, at the tents in the centre of the camp, at the leafy concave above.

Parke returns at this moment from the sick, and reports a man dead, and another dying. The dead body is carried out of the camp a hundred yards beyond, and a pile of leaves and branches is raised over it.

As we return to camp, I say: 'Parke, do you know to-day is Christmas?'

'Christmas? So it is. I had forgotten it; and I had made up my mind last night that I should be the first to greet you.'

'It is a strange Christmas,' I said, and then I was silent; for the word Christmas had brought with it a host of associations, and suggested exchange of gifts, friendly visits, renewals of friendships, family assemblies, and what not.

Then the word made me think whether I might not do something for the honor of the day. How? What could I do, being in as bad a plight as the least in the Expedition? My eyes fell upon Parke's ragged knees, and then upon his whole figure, so different from the spruceness of the young and dashing officer who, at Alexandria, twenty-three months before, importuned me to allow him to join the Emin Relief Expedition. And quickly my mind glanced over the interval, during which he had given such priceless service to all of us, black and white alike, and grieved that such unshrinking devotion should have its reward deferred—deferred, perhaps, until it was too late to prove our gratitude.

At this thought there was a pang of regret. How could I show him that he was appreciated? Then I remembered that there was a bale of choice cloths reserved for presents to native chiefs, in which there was a new piece of blue serge, which might make him a new suit. Happy thought!

Such men as were known to be handy with their needles were called up. An old bale-cover was spread out. Some cotton was cut and unravelled to make thread. The bale of choice cloths was opened, and the serge was unrolled, and six yards of it were measured. Then, with an old sacque coat as pattern, the stuff for a new jacket was cut, and from a pair of 'knickerbocker' breeches I managed to cut out a new pair of pantaloons. The men were set to work, and, when six tailors are in earnest, a suit sufficiently good for forest wear is soon made.

Stairs, Nelson and Bonny, though absent, received their share, and the tent boys were not forgotten.

By four o'clock in the afternoon the suit of clothes for our doctor was almost completed, and he was gratified to hear for whom it was destined. But at this time we heard the rumblings of thunder. A few drops of rain were heard pattering above. The strange odors rising from the wet humus became thicker. Nearer and nearer came the advancing storm. The high wind began to career among the tree-tops, reminding us of the sound of a surf breaking upon a beach. Each man ran to shelter, as the rain fell in torrents. The gray light darkened, the lightning played about the camp in dazzling sheets of flame, and the thunder crackled and burst upon us in overpowering shocks. The fall of rotten trees and branches added to the tumult and confusion and uneasiness.

For hours we look into the pitchy darkness and watch for the weird white light which reveals everything with startling clearness, until the frequency of these alternations of blackness and flame become soporific, and we retire amid the crash of the elements and the tumultuous rustling of the branches to woo forgetfulness.

This was how we spent the Christmas of 1888, and the very mention of the name will bring back the strange surroundings vividly while life lasts.

## UNTO US A CHILD IS BORN.

These two words bring us so near together at this happy Christmas time: 'Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given.' I must have told you more than once that only what we can share is the best. I cannot think of my Circle, of some that have so much less than others in the same Circle, and my joy be full; but when I come to Christ, and think He is for 'us,' and that each one of us, so to speak, can have Him all to themselves, this is bliss indeed! Did you ever look long and earnestly into one of the Christmas pictures in the dear old Book—Simeon with Christ in his arms? I do not wonder that he said: 'Now, Lord, lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.' Some one says: 'All heaven and earth are in our arms when Christ is there.' At this blessed Christmas time I want to think of you all as saying: 'Unto us a Child is born—our King!' Oh, if we would only just echo what God says. I lived once where there was an echo from the top of the hill near our house, and I had a dear little boy, and he loved the echo so much, and nothing pleased him like my calling 'Willie,' and the echo would come back, 'Willie!' and then the great dark eyes would be lifted to mine with such a look of joy and wonderment at hearing his own name. The Christmas bells must ring our name, we must echo the words, 'Unto us!' That means you and me; we must make this personal. I heard a well-known bishop say in a sermon, a short time ago, when speaking from 'The son of God gave Himself for me:' 'If I went into a great park, and in that park were wonderful conservatories with the rarest exotics in them, and was told that the park belonged to all, the gift to the city, I would not have the enjoyment that would be mine if on my return home I found a little simple flower, perhaps wilted, that my little child had placed there just for me.' And so, I think in this great Christmas gift of Christ there is a vagueness—a feeling that He is a gift for the race, for humanity. But it must be a personal gift in order to have the joy of all joys. Unto us—unto me—the Child is born; that is to be my gift of gifts through all eternity.—*Margaret Bottome.*

## THE STORY EVER NEW.

BY FLORENA M. YORK.

Only an old, old story
Of infinite love and grace;
Only a beam of glory
Lighting a baby face.
But through the rolling ages,
No story half so dear;
Of all earth's sunshine glory,
No beams so bright and clear.

Only a manger lowly,
Wherein the sweet Child lay:
Only a mother holy,
Watching the hours away.
Only a sweet song stealing
Down through the quiet skies;
Only a star's soft beaming,
Points where the Baby lies.

Only some shepherds kneeling,
Paying their homage sweet,
Pouring their richest treasures
Down at those Baby feet.
Strains of that far-off anthem
Float through the world since then,
Breathing of 'Joy in Heaven
On earth good-will toward men.'

Hark! to the joyous chorus—
'To you a King is born;'
Star of the East now lead us,
Lead us this Christmas morn,
Till, like the faithful shepherds,
We kneel in homage sweet,
And pour our hearts' best treasures
Down at those sacred feet.

Thus reads the sweet old story,
Old, but still ever new;
Know we the wealth of glory
It brings to me and you?
Know we those tiny fingers
Opened Heaven's portals wide?
But for that helpless Baby
All the whole world had died!

THE GLAD TIDINGS.

## THE GLAD TIDINGS OF BETHLEHEM.

BY HETTA LORD HAYES WARD.

The night was still, the hillside cold,
Men slept; the year was waxing old.

The woolly sheep lay still and white.
The purple sky with stars shone bright.

The shepherds lay upon the ground,
About their heads their mantles wound.

All fast asleep beside their sheep,
It was a blessed night for sleep;

For hosts of angels watched and kept
Their vigils while the shepherds slept.

At midnight came a wondrous light,
The shepherds started in affright,

Rose up with haste, tho' sore afraid;
'Fear not,' the holy angel said,

'Behold I bring you tidings good,'
Down knelt the shepherds where they stood.

'Great joy this day to all I bring,
For unto you is born a King;

'In David's city, Bethlehem,
Is born, this night, of David's stem

'A Saviour, which is Christ, the Lord,
As was foretold in Holy Word.

'And this to you a sign shall be;
The heavenly babe you there shall see

'In homely, swaddling clothes arrayed,
And rudely in a manger laid.'

Then suddenly a multitude,
A heavenly host about them stood,

And praising God with joy they cry,
'All glory be to God Most High!

'Good-will to men, and peace on earth.'
'Twas thus they sang our Saviour's birth.

'Good-will to all good willing men!'
Till Christ, our Lord, shall come again,

We, too, with all the heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

## TO JERUSALEM BY RAIL.

BY GEORGE C. HURLBUT.

The entrance to the city by the gate of Jaffa is less striking than the view that met the eyes of Lamartine. The railway has taken away the opportunity of a halt at the commanding spots, and the traveller runs into the station among crowds that resemble, except for the Oriental costumes and faces the familiar types of those who live on the travelling public at the European railway stations.

Leaving the train, the tourist comes at once upon the money changers, lineal descendants of those who made the house of prayer a den of thieves. He finds himself among Europeans and Americans dressed in the ungraceful garb of the civilized world; by the side of Russian popes followed by the long-haired, high-booted mujiks, and turbaned Turks and Greeks with long, black moustaches; Cypriotes, men and women, with their wide trousers; high-capped Persians, Armenians, Ethiopians—all tribes and languages of men, for Jerusalem is the Holy City to the peoples of the East and of the West.

When the sun sets and the voice of the muezzin is heard calling the faithful to prayer the bazaars are closed, and the animation of the day comes to an end. The pilgrims and the curious travellers return from their sightseeing; the former to the convents in which they receive hospitality, the latter to the two hotels.

No one wanders about Jerusalem by night, for the city has no amusements to offer like those to be found at Damascus and Beirut and Cairo. Not a sound disturbs the silence of the narrow streets.

This is the moment to revisit, with a guide bearing a lantern, the Jaffa Gate, so full of life and movement but a few hours ago. On the left is Mount Zion, with its citadel of the old type, utterly unlike the aspect of the modern fortress, which suggests the dungeon, while this one, bristling with towers and inclosed by battlemented walls without a sign of cannon, looms up in the clear night stern and calm. To the right of the irregular line of valleys are hills inclosing all as in a basin. The road to Bethlehem winds at the base of the fortification and descends, then turns with a graceful curve, and is lost as it passes over a hill that rises against the sky. The landscape is entrancing and the eyes cannot weary of it. It will remain in the memory as a vision of this Oriental night, blue with a silvery radiance diffused through it by the splendor of the large white stars, a subtle, translucent azure that passes through the eyes and floods with its soft beauty the thoughts and the emotions that fill the mind and the heart with an undefinable charm at such an hour, at the gate of the city consecrated forever by the presence of the Son of Man. It is like a dream; and the dream broods over the road that leads to Bethlehem: 'The wise men of the east came to Jerusalem and said: 'Where is he who is born King of the Jews? For we have seen his star in the east and are come to worship him.' Then Herod, having secretly called the wise men, inquired of them diligently at what time the star appeared to them.'

It was immediately behind the citadel that the palace of Herod stood. It was overthrown and destroyed when the city was taken by Titus; but the citadel survived the ruins. It is composed of a series of ramparts uniting the Tower Hippicus, Phasahel and Mariamne, and the Tower of David. The first three have been reconstructed, but the Tower of David is still what it was 3,000 years ago, and its enormous foundation stones were laid long before the time of the great King who began the history which culminated in the sacrifice on Calvary. In the presence of these associations change and progress and material civilization are as empty words.

## A MERRY CHRISTMAS

to you all *Messenger* readers, old and young! Don't you like our double number? If you do, tell us so, won't you? Tell your neighbors so, too, and send their subscriptions along with your own. To help you we will only refer you to our very attractive premium list. Of course you will work for new subscribers when you have read it.

Turn about is fair play. You see how many new subscribers you can get for the *Messenger* this season, and we will see what more we can do for you. We are planning some charming competitions for you but will wait to give you full particulars until your holiday bustle shall be over. But watch for the announcements, and in the meantime accept our warmest wishes for a

MERRY, MERRY CHRISTMAS.

[For the MESSENGER.

## 'HEIGH-HO.'

*(From a boy who has been spying about the premises.)*

Heigh-ho! heigh-ho!
We're having a jolly good time, I know;
Indeed, I enjoy it all over so—
Still, I wish it was n-e-a-r-l-y time to go!
Dear chairman, pray do not think me rude—
Kind ladies, please do not deem it crude—
But, oh! heigh-ho!
Would you like now, boys and girls, to know
Why I wish it was ne-ar-ly time to go?

It is a delight
To be here to-night!
I'm sure I wouldn't mind coming again,
No matter how soon you might set the 'when!'
But, oh! heigh-ho!
Can you guess, boys, why it is really so,
That I wish it was ne-ar-ly time to go?

I'm shy to confess—that—it is—because—
Well—I saw some traces of Santa Claus
As I came in here!
And dear! oh, dear!
How bulky the bags! I'm afraid they'll burst!
'Twould be better to let us get hold of them first!
And so, heigh-ho!
That's the reason, you know,
Why I wish it was just the time to go!

GRANT MACINTYRE.


"MESSENGER CLUB RATES."

The following are the CLUB RATES for the NORTHERN MESSENGER:

| | |
|---|---|
| 1 copy | $ 0 30 |
| 10 copies to one address | 2 25 |
| 20 " " | 4 40 |
| 50 " " | 10 50 |
| 100 " " | 20 00 |

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

THE ATTENTION OF SUBSCRIBERS is earnestly called to the instructions given in every paper that all business letters for the *Messenger* should be addressed "John Dougall & Son," and not to any personal address. Attention to this will save much trouble and will reduce the chances of delay or irregularity.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BEFORE YOU DYE!

Learn thoroughly what can be accomplished by using the brilliant, fast and durable Diamond Dyes.

Last year's faded dress may be re-dyed and made to look as well as new; the whole cost will be ten cents.

Diamond Dyes are the best and cheapest in the world; they save time, money and disappointment; take no others.

Cut out this notice and send it to us with your full address, and we will send you free a handsome sample card of forty colors of Diamond Dyes, an interesting illustrated book on 'How to Make Mats and Rugs,' including 'Art Work and Fancy Work,' by Miss A. L. Nay; also, a sample copy of 'Our Home,' the best and cheapest monthly family paper in the world. It will pay you to get them.

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., 200 Mountain street, Montreal.

MOTHERS, READ THE WITNESS MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

WEALTH, HAPPINESS, PEACE,
DEPENDS ON THE
HEALTH
Of the Good Man,
Of the Son or Daughter,
Of the Baby.

Subscribers have the privilege of free consultation as often as desired.

The department is in charge of a regular practising physician of great ability and large practice in the city of Montreal.

WEEKLY WITNESS, $1.
DAILY WITNESS, $3.

Send for free sample copies.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Montreal.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

'By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided for our breakfast and supper a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame.' —*Civil Service Gazette.*

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in Packets by Grocers, labelled thus:

JAMES EPPS & Co., Ltd.,
Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

THIS Rolled Gold Plated Ring (worth $1), your name on 20 new and pretty Cards, silk fringed, gold edge, hidden name, etc. Agent's Sample Case and a 25c present, all for 10c. Samples, etc., 3c. Address STAR CARD CO. Knowlton, P. Q.

IF YOU WANT to get cheap Jewellery, Novelties, or a Watch, at about one-half regular price, write for Catalogue and private terms. Address,
HALL BROS. & CO., Knowlton, P. Q.

USE BABY'S OWN SOAP

PLEASE MENTION THE "NORTHERN MESSENGER" WHEN REPLYING TO ANY ADVERTISEMENT THEREIN. THIS WILL ALWAYS BE ESTEEMED A FAVOR BY BOTH ADVERTISERS AND PUBLISHERS.


THE NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and published every fortnight at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the Editor should be addressed, 'Editor of the "Northern Messenger."'